

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE SEALING OF A SAINT.

Must I be wounded in the tireless feet
That hasted all the way
My Dear to greet?
Shall errant love endure this hard delay,

Limping and slow
On its ascents to go?

*Yea, this must be
If thou would'st come with Me:
Thus only can
My seal be set on man.*

Must I be wounded in the busy hands
That labor to fulfil
Industrious love's demands
Within the circle of Thy sovereign will?
And can it fall within that will to let
Thy child from all repayment of its
debt?

*Yea, this must be
If thou would'st work for Me:
Thus only can
My seal be set on man.*

And is it thus? Then gladly I go lame,
Bring nought within my hands save
this Thy sign:

Lo, I exult! all bliss is in the flame
That mars, yet brands me Thine.
Thine are my members: strike again,
and give

A deeper, sweeter hurt, that dying I
may live.

*Yea, this must be
Since I would live to Thee:
Thus only can
Thy seal be set on man.*

Make Thou thy blazon perfect; let my
heart

The piercing wound of Thy swift love
receive—

That only cunning lance which hath
the art

Man's sickness to relieve.

Make the place deep and wide;

That Thou may'st find a nook, therein
to hide!

*For this must be;
Yea! Thou shalt dwell in me.
Thus only can
Thy seal be set on man.*

Evelyn Underhill.

The Nation.

SONG.

I'll love you in the open air,
But stuffy rooms and blazing fires
And mirrors with familiar stare
Cloak and befoul my high desires.

The dearest day that I have known
Was in the fields when driving rain
Was like a veil around us thrown,
A gray close veil without a stain.

The young oak-tree was stripped and
bare

But naked twigs a shelter made,
Where curious cows came round to
stare
And stood astonished and dismayed.

Let it be rain or summer sun,
Smell of wet earth or scent of flow-
ers,

Love, once more give me, give me one,
Of those enchanted lover's hours.

Richard Burton.

The Eye-Witness.

IN THE STREET.

I've seen a woman kneeling down
In the dirty street,
An' she took no heed of her tattered
gown

Or the broken boots on her feet;
An' she took no heed of the people
there,

Rich and poor that would stand an'
stare

At a woman kneeling in prayer
In the street.

For the thing that she'd spied
At the back of the great shop window
pane,

Was a cross with a Figure crucified.
She took no heed of the driving rain,
An' thim that would turn to look again,
She took no heed of the noisy street,
But knelt down there at her Saviour's
feet.

What matter at all what the place
might be;

To one poor soul it was Calvary.

W. M. Letts.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE INTELLECTUAL BANKRUPTCY OF SOCIALISM

AND SYNDICALISM AS A PROPOSED SUBSTITUTE.

All schemes of extreme social reform have, for sixty years at all events, claimed to be forms of Socialism. But, owing partly to the criticism of thinkers, and partly to that of events, Socialism has become of late, to an appreciable degree discredited; and the ideas and desires of many of its most ardent advocates have sought to embody themselves in what claims to be a new creed, different from though kindred to it, which goes by the name of Syndicalism.

I propose in these few pages to summarize the fundamental features of Socialism, considered as a theory and also as a working scheme, as it was under the influence of Marx, and as it has come to be to-day; and then to point out that Syndicalism, in so far as it means anything coherent at all, is nothing but Socialism reduced to its most degraded form by a rejection of everything which, in the course of two generations, the more competent Socialistic thinkers have learnt, and by a return to the lowest of those crudities which they have now agreed in repudiating.

The Evolution of Socialism as a Theory since the Days of Marx.

The sole practical object in respect of which Socialism is peculiar being the redistribution of purely material wealth on principles of equality which have never as yet been realized, it is plain that for Socialists the whole of their constructive proposals must turn on their theory of how wealth is produced.

Accordingly, we find, as a prominent fact of history, that the early Socialistic experiments made (for the most part by European settlers in America) between the close of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth century,

were based on the idea that the one and only agency involved in the production of material wealth is labor. This idea, however, was hardly more than a loosely assumed axiom till Karl Marx, in a work (published 1865) which has since been called "the Bible of Socialism," claimed to have raised it to the rank of an exact scientific formula, defining "labor" as that kind of manual effort which the masses of mankind, under the existing capitalistic system, sell for wages to a small minority of employers.

Now in favor of this doctrine there are two things to be said.

One is that, if it be once accepted, the conclusions which it aims at establishing follow from it with instantaneous certainty.

The other is that, as applied to societies of a very primitive kind, it is true; for in such societies nobody, except as a manual laborer, takes any part in the productive process at all.

But, in spite of its unrivalled utility as a basis for the Socialistic gospel, and in spite of the fact that, as applied to certain actual conditions, it may be true, it has not escaped the criticisms of Socialistic thinkers themselves. For although it may be a sufficient explanation of wealth-production among men in their social infancy (when the total product is small and of a very rudimentary kind) it offers no explanation at all of what is to-day, for Socialists as for everybody else, the crucial fact to be explained. This is the fact that, in countries such as our own, the amount of wealth produced per head of the population annually is now incomparably greater, not only than it is amongst savage or semi-civilized tribes, but than it was even in

countries like our own at the close of the eighteenth century.

Accordingly, during the last twenty years, gradually at first, and of late with marked rapidity, the Socialistic theory of production has undergone a fundamental change. Nearly all its exponents who have any pretensions to be thinkers have by this time practically repudiated the doctrine of Marx altogether, and vie with each other in proclaiming their full recognition of the fact that the enhanced production of wealth in the modern world is not due to the labor of the average man alone, but to the co-operation with such labor of activities of a different kind, which are found to an efficient degree in exceptional men only.

Thus Mr. Sidney Webb in a remarkable passage, after advocating, as all Socialists do, the extinction of private ownership in any of the means of production, goes on to observe that the accomplishment of this result would be no more than half the battle. After all private monopolies of a material kind had been abolished, one other monopoly, he said, would still remain to be dealt with—the most obstinate and fundamental of all; this being, to use his own words, “the natural monopoly of business ability, or of that special energy with which some men are born,” and in which the majority of men are lacking.

Here we have an example of genuine intellectual progress—of theory gradually adjusting itself to the complexity of actual facts. But if serious Socialistic thought has really thus arrived at a recognition that the faculties involved in the production of wealth to-day are of many kinds, and not of one kind, and that these as embodied in individuals are highly unequal in their efficiency, it might seem that the result would be abandonment of the Socialistic scheme altogether. For if, as is assumed by Marx and by all Socialists

likewise, wealth is due to individuals in proportion as they contribute to its production, and if it be now admitted that some are indefinitely more productive than others, what becomes of the claim for an approximate equality of reward?

Modern Socialists are well aware of this difficulty; and the whole history of recent Socialistic thought may be described as little else than a series of attempts to get rid of it, and to reconcile a frank recognition of the inequality of individual contribution with the old demand that the total shall be apportioned equally.

These are all reducible to one or other of two arguments. One of these, however, is not so much an argument as a retort. We may dispose of it in a few words, and will then pass on to the other.

The argument which I have described as a retort may be briefly summed up as follows. When various kinds of effort, from that of the great thinker down to that of the wheeler of a wheel-barrow, are equally necessary to the production of a given result, each of these produces an equal part of it. Thus, if common labor, represented by 1000 laborers, produces some product which is worth £1000, and if subsequently the same labor, directed by two of “the monopolists of business ability,” results in the production of a product the value of which is £2000, the increment, though it may seem at first sight to be due to ability only, is really due to labor, in precisely the same degree, though the amount and quality of this may have undergone no change whatever; for though labor, had there been no ability to direct it, could certainly not have produced the increased total by itself, ability would have been equally barren if it had not had the labor to direct. Now, whatever other defects may be latent in this argument, it is perfectly useless for the actual pur-

pose in view, not because it does not lead to the particular conclusion stated, but because this conclusion is quite other than the one desired. For when Socialists desire to justify a substantial equality of distribution, they mean a distribution which is equal in respect of individual men, whereas this argument relates not to men, but to faculties. Let it be granted that, in the case described, the amount which is due to labor is a full half of the additional £1000, and that ability, however exceptional, has no right to more than £500; yet £500 in the one case would be divided amongst 1000 men and in the other case amongst only two. Thus equality, as between individuals, would be just as far off as ever. The conclusion desired by Socialists is here not so much as touched.

The other of the two arguments, which alone represents the serious movement of modern Socialistic speculation, is of a very different character. It is really directed towards the result desired, and has, however illusory, a genuine philosophical basis. It sets out with a consideration of the various wealth-producing faculties, not as generalized forces, but as forces embodied in individual human units; it admits that of these units a few are indefinitely more productive than the many; and that, if we accept as realities the data of crude experience, the principal producers of to-day are a minority and not the masses. But, while admitting these facts, it endeavors to get behind them. It urges that, however great and however necessary to the community may be the special productive energies which exceptional men monopolize, these men would not be what they are, if it had not been for the course of sociological evolution which preceded them, and the mass of general conditions by which, ever since their birth, they have been surrounded. Hence it is urged

that though the exceptional man in industry must no doubt be recognized as the cause of exceptionally large products, yet of these he is, in Herbert Spencer's phrase, "the proximate cause only": the true producer being those conditions and antecedents from which he, in common with the least efficient of his fellow citizens, has sprung.

Now that this line of argument has certain facts at the back of it is obvious, but before we are in a position to judge what it is really worth, we must first note that if it leads to any practical conclusion even remotely resembling that which Mr. Webb and his friends draw from them, both the facts and the conclusion in question are very incompletely stated. In the first place as to the facts. The exceptionally efficient producer in any given community owes his "special activity or energy," not to the generalized conditions of that community only. He owes it to the human race from the earliest beginnings of humanity; to the geological development of the earth, and to the constitution of the solar system. To say, therefore, that such a man, though the proximate, is not the real producer of the products which result from his activity, and would not be produced without it, is merely to say that, in order to work at anything, he must firstly have come into existence, and must secondly have a world to work in.

But the matter does not end here. This is no more than the beginning of it. If the exceptional producer has really no claim to his own products, because he has no claim to any property in his special industrial efficiency, he has similarly no claim to any property in his own general character, nor is he the proper object of any of those feelings, whether of affection or otherwise, which ever since the human race began human beings have entertained for one another, and without which human life would be empty. In short, if the the-

ory here in question should ever be really acted on, all society would be reduced to chaos, and all connection between action and motive, and the consequences of action, would be destroyed. Human personality itself would be expunged from the categories of existence.

Here, little as Socialistic thinkers may realize the fact, we have simply the old paradox, familiar to philosophers ever since philosophy began, which denies that the many can co-exist with the One, and reduces all change, all action, all seemingly separate existences, to manifestations of a single principle. Of this philosophy, as bearing on human affairs, it is enough to say that, however flawless may be the arguments by which speculative sages defend it, not one of them has ever acted on it for a single day of his life, and any community which consistently acted on it for a month would at the end of the month be stark mad or dead.

Such, stated broadly, has been the history of Socialism as an intellectual movement. Its leaders, in moving away from a principle which is applicable to certain real, though remote conditions of society, have landed themselves in a theory which has no practical application to any possible constitution of human affairs whatever. The only alternative which they have been able to devise or discover for the absurd proposition that in the productive process of to-day ordinary hand-labor, or the ordinary hand-laborer, does everything, consists of the proposition, which is more absurd still, that nobody does, and that nobody produces anything—or to make a long matter short, that nobody is anybody.

What, then, is the moral to be drawn from this curious intellectual denouement? It is not that Socialists, in respect of their natural capacities, are less capable than most people of reason-

ing in a reasonable way. It is that the sole distinctive objects of Socialism are objects which are, in the nature of things, impossible, like the squaring of the circle, or the construction of a perpetual motion, and that these objects cannot be presented as possible, except by a train of reasoning which is in itself fundamentally fallacious.

The History of Socialism regarded as a Constructive Scheme.

And now from Socialism as a theory, let us turn to its practical programme. The history of this we shall find to have been essentially similar. We shall find that the essence of its practical scheme at starting having been the destruction of certain existing conditions (*e.g.* the control of the laborer by the employer), its exponents have been brought back by the necessity of formulating the conditions which are to replace these, to a scheme in which the old conditions are in all their essentials reconstructed—changed in name, but with every feature sharpened, which Socialism promised and set out to obliterate.

Let us consider briefly what the principal of these features are. The majority, Socialists say, under the modern system of capitalism have no wealth-producing property of any sort or kind. *They are, therefore, not independent.* Further, the incomes on which they live, instead of coming to them directly from the sale of their own personal products, come to them in the form of wages, paid to them by dictatorial employers. Hence, to say that the majority are not independent is a very insufficient description of them. They are virtually, though not nominally, slaves; for *the wage-system is merely slavery under another name.* Socialism promises to raise all of them to the status of proprietors; it promises that the wage-system shall be root and branch abolished; and that every man, in virtue of his manhood, shall en-

joy economic freedom. The only scheme of reasoned Socialism which has ever been seriously suggested, is one under which all the means of material production and distribution (such as land, machinery, warehouses, shops, shipping, and railways) shall be owned by some central body, commonly called the State, on behalf of, and as representing, the nation, and be used by the State for the benefit of all alike.

Now from the point of view of these average workers, who must constitute in any case the great bulk of the community, and who at present live by selling their labor for wages, what change would be effected in their present condition by a universal diffusion of property in the sense that has just been indicated? What would the possession of property in this sense mean for them? And would the conditions under which they received their incomes differ from what is now denounced as the system of "wage-slavery"?

The advantages which property at present confers on the possessors of it, are all or any of the following: (1) The means of living, not necessarily in idleness, but without the performance of work which brings any material gain. This is what is commonly called the possession of "an independent income." (2) The freedom to save by way of ordinary investment, a portion of present income with a view to its subsequent augmentation. (3) The freedom, on the part of any active and capable man, to use such savings, or his whole original capital, in work performed or else controlled by himself, and to enjoy himself the full results of his enterprise. Such is the case when a peasant owns the land he cultivates, or when an inventor devotes all his capital to the realization of a new invention.

But were property distributed in the manner proposed by Socialism, every

one of these advantages would disappear. If a man has an income of £500 resulting from shares in the London and North Western Railway, he can live on it without the performance of any corresponding work; but if all the capital of the Company were owned in equal portions by the employees, these men, unless they worked as they do now, would not receive any income at all. Nor could any of them alter this result in their own favor by devoting any parts of their incomes to the formation of fresh capital, or the acquisition of larger shares of the old. Were this allowed, as has often been pointed out, the régime of private capitalism would at once be set on foot again. Lastly, it is equally obvious—and this is still more important—that no personal property in the means of production and distribution could exist, which would enable any worker to use them according to his own judgment, or at all events to derive any special profit from his use of them.

So much, then, for the promised diffusion of property. Let us now consider the promised abolition of the wage-system, and the establishment of that vague something which is called "economic freedom." It must be sufficiently obvious from what has been said already that Socialism, instead of abolishing that system, would perpetuate it and make it universal. Since nobody would receive his income in the form of his own immediate products, or the usufruct of the land or the implements of production used by him, he could receive it only from the national employer, namely, the State; and since it stands to reason that some work would be exacted from him in return for it, this income would be identical with wages as they are paid to-day. In what possible sense has a man more "economic freedom" if he works as an employee of a State railway than he has if he works as the

employee of a private capitalist? He has to perform the same technical work, and to perform it on what are essentially the same conditions; the only difference being, in the case of his failure to perform it, that whereas the private employer would do no more than get rid of him, the State, which could not get rid of him, would have to submit him to some form of penal discipline.

In summarizing the necessary results of concrete Socialism thus, I am not merely stating the conclusions which must force themselves on the logical intellect. An effect incomparably wider has been produced by the educative spectacle of State Socialism as realized in an increasing variety of ways. Of recent strikes many of the most violent and vindictive have been strikes either against the centralized State (as in the case of the Western Railway in France,) or against popularly elected bodies as managers of tramway services. Admissions are now frequent on the part of Socialist writers that Socialism, merely as Socialism, would be compatible with the most intolerable tyranny. One of the contributors to a well-known Socialist journal has lately declared that "life under State Socialism would be Hell, and that were Socialism established in England, every self-respecting Englishman ought to emigrate"; whilst in the latest English volume in sympathy with Socialist aspirations, the time-honored name of Socialism is explicitly discarded altogether.

This revolt has recently expressed itself by the substitution of what is now called Syndicalism for Socialism, as embodying the creed and scheme of the more active of the would-be revolutionaries; and the ideas by which this movement is animated are well worthy of consideration because, whilst constituting an attack on the fundamentals of all Socialism as a theory, the move-

ment is directed towards objects professedly the same as those which amongst the masses have rendered Socialism popular.

Syndicalism as an Alternative to Socialism.

The principles underlying the "Syndicalism" of the new Trade Unionist leaders may be best understood by an examination of their avowed objects in connection with the recent coal-strike, and the general ideas to which they gave utterance during the course of it. These ideas are summed up in the doctrine that in each industry all the implements and other capital employed should be the property of those who are engaged in it now as wage-earners; and that these persons should own and sell on their own behalf, the total products at prices fixed by themselves. Thus the leaders of the coal-strike in South Wales plainly declared that their policy was to use the strike as a means, not of remedying the grievances which were advanced as the immediate excuses for it, but of rendering the position of the employers altogether intolerable, and of so interfering with production that all profits would disappear, and the ownership of the mines thus pass to the men who would have proved that, unless they owned them, they could make the ownership valueless.

Now whilst this policy is, as will be pointed out presently, in one respect an embodiment of Socialism in its earliest theoretical form, it constitutes in another respect a fundamental and a violent repudiation of the main constructive idea of all forms of Socialism whatsoever. The essential principle of constructive or concrete Socialism is that no form of property essential to the business of production shall be the subject of any monopoly—that is to say of sectional ownership. But it is precisely such sectional ownership, that Syndicalism aims at perpetuating.

The prospect dangled before the colliers has been the ownership of the coal mines by themselves and the power that would thence accrue to them of "holding the rest of the community to ransom"—that is to say of outdoing the utmost feats of rapacity which even Marx ever imputed to the most rapacious of individual owners.

If the men who have entertained ideas like these as to coal-mines imagine themselves to be champions of the cause of Labor in general, they are not even consistent with themselves; for the moment their principles came to be applied generally, the whole of the advantages of Syndicalist ownership would disappear. So long as it was confined to one group of workers engaged in the production of one article of first necessity, such as coal, such workers, if their business did not collapse from within, might no doubt secure exceptional wealth at the expense of the rest of the community; but the moment other industries followed the same policy, the situation would completely change. If the implements and materials of bread-making were made the exclusive property of ploughmen, reapers, and millers, we should have a second syndicate which could hold the first to ransom just as effectively as the first could hold the second. If a third syndicate owned all the sources of water, the battle would become triangular and the end would be that each of the three parties would learn that the game of ransom, like the game of thrashing a man, is a game which is possible only when only one man can play it. Prices and earnings under Syndicalism, just as prices and earnings under the existing system,

The National Review.

are determined not by what the producers of any one class of goods demand, but by what the producers of other goods are generally willing to pay. Under any system of society the kind of equilibrium which thus naturally establishes itself would have to be protected from disturbance, or else positively regularized by the State. Under the existing system the State protects it from disturbance. Under Socialism the State would regularize it by taking all businesses under its own control. Under either system, Syndicalism, as an instrument of ransom, would disappear, and, in fact, regarded as a constructive scheme, it differs from Socialism only in representing a frantic rejection of the one practical principle which renders Socialism a thinkable scheme at all.

On the other hand, whilst rejecting the most reasonable element in Socialism on its constructive side, Syndicalism, as an economic theory, represents a harking back to everything in the Socialism of the past which the educated Socialists of to-day have rejected as crude and obsolete. It is a harking back to the doctrine, together with those directly associated with it by Marx, that all wealth is the product of manual labor alone.

Such doctrines are like the stale dregs of beer which Socialists of the more thoughtful kind have left in their abandoned glasses; and with these dregs the new Trade Unionists fuddle themselves, and reel into the world mistaking inebriety for the illumination of knowledge, and advertise their condition by shouting that "they are going to stagger humanity."

W. H. Mallock.

TWO MODERN PLAYS.

The concern of Art is not to teach but to show impartially things good and evil—this is an accepted canon; and the one condition of good art is that the artist shows them as they seem to him, the deepest part of him: that is, he must be sincere. If he is busy pointing the moral at every turn he wrecks his art and baulks his purpose. The fact is that those ideas of good and evil, in whose vitality is the health of the world, are better nourished by examples drawn from the imaginative experience of men, than by the precepts of even the holiest, since these are, after all, only deductions, usually colored by prejudice, from the facts of experience; the source yields purer truth than the stream. The Wisest Teacher taught in parables which are the perfection of art. Writers of imagination have followed the sublime pattern; so that they have been Makers by intention, if Teachers by result.

In the drama this canon is especially prominent, and the moral result no less. "The Prodigal Son" is essentially a three-act drama, ending with the re-assemblage of the actors in a happy consummation. And a play is a failure if it does not appeal to the heart. A serious play should have something of a volcanic effect, awakening men to the vast, subterranean forces of the universe.

The plays here chosen for comment have both this non-morality of art along with this force of moral upheaval. *The Tragedy of Nan* by John Masefield is the most perfect of the two. It is a work of singular beauty and felicity of phrase; it has the austere nakedness which marks intense tragic utterance; and the dark sincerity of all great tragedy shines in it like star-light in a pool. The story is

of a rare, passionate, spiritual creature, maimed and crushed down by creatures of the earth, just as to Mr. Yeats the faëry world is crushed beneath the clods of an earthly civilization; or as Stephen the Martyr was crushed beneath the wayside stones. The beautiful and exceptional is crushed by the mean and commonplace, but, in its martyrdom, vindicates afresh the unconquerable holiness in man.

The sore besetments of her story, which, in spite of its remoteness, is real and natural, and her innocence, her wistful tenderness, her divine vision, give Nan a place among the great tragic women of our dramatic literature, with Desdemona and the Duchess of Malfi. She glories in her sex; her impulse is all a woman's to help and inspire a man and to mother the coming race—for unselfishness and for happiness through sacrifice.

"It be a proud thing to 'ave a beauty to raise love in a man," she says to her lover. And again: "It be wonderful to 'ave a father to do for. To think as he knowed 'ee when you were a little 'un. To think as perhaps 'e give up lots of things so's you might fare to be great in the world." It is this sense of redemptive forces, the subject of that universal strife which Mr. Yeats calls "the Quarrel of Galilee," that is the moving impulse of Nan's nature. Her heart is broken, not by persecution, not by the baseness of her lover, but by despair at the callousness of people who are blind to the sense which is to her the single pearl of life.

The character of Dick Gurvil, her lover, is like a clouded mirror beside the clarity of hers. He is drawn with gusto, but without exaggeration. Dick is the type of the respectable man who lives solely for the body. His sense of merely physical beauty is sufficiently

alive, but he is blind to all beauty else.

They be pretty, little ones be, when they be kept clean and that. I likes 'earing them sing 'imms. I likes watching the little boys zwimming in the river. They be so white and swift, washing themselves. And the splash-in' do zhine so. Diamonds. 'Oo be coming 'ere to-night—'sides us?

Nan. Old Gaffer Pearce be a-comin' to fiddle.

Dick. He'd ought to be in a mad 'ouse, Gaffer did. Dotty owd gape.

Handsome, good-natured, fond of ease, he is one of the many who use deep words with no apprehension of their depth, who debase the coinage of thought. He is no mate for Nan, whose passion is purified by its strength. But he is no villain, and you will be sure to meet his brethren in your way of life to-day or to-morrow.

He betrays his mettle from the beginning of the skilfully handled scene where Nan brings him refreshment before the party. His fastidious taste in cider and spice-cakes, his excessive love of cleanly comfort, and therefore his intolerance of weakness and poverty and misfortune—all is as natural as on the other hand is Nan's longing to "help," her joy in her beauty because it wins love, her fervent search for the roots of happiness. Here is earth and spirit set one over against the other. The more difficult love-scene which follows is hardly less convincing, though Mr. Masefield has once been betrayed into a modern phrase which smells of the "new novel,"—"I have had my moment."

Then, after a struggle which betrays the strength of his fetters, Dick falls in the test, sheltering his greed behind his respectability; no longer the gallant fellow he seemed, it is not surprising that he cannot take the final chance Nan offers him of buying back his honor. He is ready to accept all and give nothing. Nan strikes at the root of his weakness

when she says in words that come like a lash—" . . . you be greedy. Greedy of a mouth agen your mouth; of a girl's lips babblin' love at you." By this time the accumulations of fate have weighed down and strained to breaking point Nan's sensitive, passionate spirit, and the consummation of death relieves an intolerable load.

Gaffer Pearce, the old fiddler, is a most beautifully wrought character. He supplies the place of the Chorus in Greek Tragedy. He is regarded as "not wholly stalwart in uns brains," but he rises to sublimity in speaking of his one sorrow long ago, which has become his single interest and theme. One thinks of the rustic creations of that older living master of prose tragedy, Mr. Thomas Hardy, but Joseph Poorgrass and the rest are like earth-bubbles compared with this starlit intelligence with his bemused utterance, now mournful and now exultant. He is nearer to the kindred of wit-wandering Lear.

The scene in the third act between Nan and the Gaffer, speaking of death and of his love lost sixty years before, is of pure poetical texture. Indeed Mr. Masefield seems to have found it difficult to keep his words from sliding into verse. More than once the rhythm is distinctly verse 'rhythm, and in one place there is a rhyme. It is impossible not to quote from this wonderful passage—

Nan. Gaffer, how did thy vlower die?

Gaffer. There come a gold rider in the evening, maldy.

Nan. You was by 'er, Gaffer?

Gaffer. She look out of the window, my white vlower done. She said, "The tide. The tide. The tide coming up the river." And a horn blew. The gold rider blew a 'orn. And she rose up, my white vlower done. And she burst out a-laughing, a-laughing. And 'er fell back, my white vlower done. Gold 'air on the pillow. And blood.

Oh, blood. Blood of my girl. Blood of my vlower.

To what a grandeur does the vision of death lift even the humblest! This is of the very color of the soil since the blood of Abel cried from it:—

Gaffer. Ther've come no message yet for me. But the tide be a' comin' for some on us. It 'ave some one every time. It 'ad my vlower one time. O it be a gallows thing, the tide. First there be the mud and that. Sand banks. Mud banks. And the 'erons fishing. Sand in the river afore the tide comes. Mud. The cows come out o' pasture to drink. Red cows. But they be afraid of the tide.

Nan. They 'aven't no grief, the beasts 'asn't. Cropping in the meadows when the sun do zhine.

Gaffer. They be afraid of the tide. For first there comes a-wammerin' and a-wammerin'. Miles away that wammerin' be. In the sea. The shipmen do cross theirselves. And it come up. It come nearer. Wammerin' Wammerin'! 'Ush it says. 'Ush it says! 'Ush it says. And there come a girt wash of it over the rocks. White. White. Like a bird. Like a swan a-gettin' up out of the pool.

Apart from the beauty and total force of the passage—and we know of nothing like it in the present century—how natural is that interpolation of Nan's! Her thoughts are far away, and, even in her despair, the thoughts of a fresh girl, the life young within her. Note the internal harmony of her remark with the old man's vision, as a soft-toned instrument harmonizes with the high, querulous note of another.

Of the other characters Jenny, frivolous, cold-hearted, treacherous is very life-like. She *seems* harmless enough. Hers is not a rare character; there are many pretty, giggling creatures abroad who are her sisters. Mrs. Pargetter is so unrelievedly coarse and cunning that in spite of all Mr. Masefield's skill in detail, she loses some-

what in humanity. Mr. Pargetter's sluggish character is hardly consistent as it stands, and seems incompletely set out. In the opening scene he defends Nan and justly estimates Jenny, but when his favorite mug is broken, he seems to become one with his wife's scheming. This is the weakest spot in a play which is admirably constructed. It is a mistake of omission and not of redundancy, and occurs in worse form in *The Campden Wonder*, which fills up the same volume. As Pargetter's character is left incomplete in *Nan*, so *The Campden Wonder* becomes grotesque because there is not even a hint at the motive of the extraordinary crime presented; nor even as to the date of the play save a chance reference by one of the characters to Cromwell.

This fault arises from excess of that economy and incisive directness which is one of the play's chief merits. But besides style and construction, there is an imaginative force, which makes it literature. The dramatist presents naturalness over against the false conventions and disguises of a commonplace respectability. Nan is the type of natural humanity touched by spirit, seeing spiritual things *through* the things of soil and sun. The attitude of the members of the family, who are contrasted, one way or another, with her, is false, because in theory they look away from the earthly, and, while affecting to despise, are really enslaved by it. Thus Jenny in her shallow insincerity finds something shocking in Nan's longing for marriage. In Nan's feeling the divinity of human love shows through and transcends the natural call of the body. Nature is handmaid to Spirit. Penny, on the other hand, pretends to be ashamed of her sex. She disguises it under stock phrases when she says, "I've 'oped to 'ave a 'ome of my own and not be a burden 'ere and that." The real

feeling which governs her is discredited as if it were in itself a shame.

Similarly the fact that Nan's father was hanged for sheep-stealing makes the others draw back from her as an unclean thing, and Mrs. Pargetter pretends to rely on the Scripture bidding the chosen to come out from among the evil-doers to justify her cruelty. But Mr. Masfield makes very clear (what shallower playwrights are not careful to do) the fact that it is not morality which is cold, but immorality; with this fact as yokefellow, that morality is not the enemy of nature, but that nature is transcended by spirit.

Where, then, is that spiritual force which we have claimed for *Nan* and without which it could not be the great play it is? Its effect is twofold, a cleansing of the spirit by the fire of an overwhelming passion, and, following upon this, an elation and a surging joy in the royalty of our human nature. Out of despair and terror there is born exultancy. Beyond the flat or undulating scenery of the existence of most of us, the mist breaks for a moment to reveal mighty peaks with scarred and rugged sides, but an ever-mounting visage; and the heart leaps at the sight of them. This is the office of tragedy in writing, which answers to the encounter in life of Sorrow who is "so constant and so kind": to keep us alive to the depths of experience of which we are apt to be oblivious among the easy conventions of civilized life. If but the tragedy be true to human nature, it will thus, not depress, but elate the spirit with a solemn joy in the worth of living. As the fact of death and the hope of immortality are all that keep our life from being a mere butterfly existence, and give to our race stature and royalty; so the tragic element in literature, reflection of that supreme sorrow that came to pass on Golgotha, is all that raises it above the idle pastime of an hour.

Mr. Shaw's *Candida*, which he properly numbers among the "Plays Pleasant," has been before the public for a number of years and may be presumed to be familiar to a pretty large circle. A deal of water has flowed by since 1898 when the play was first published, but it is still unmistakably modern. The young lions of the newest socialism have produced nothing which probes more searchingly the modern character and the complexity of modern aims.

Mr. Shaw is very subtle and almost preternaturally discerning. His incorrigible attraction to pure nonsense constantly leads him into extravagance: he gambols delightedly in the absurd. But just when his reader is thoroughly tickled and in the midst of a consumed amusement, he is often startled by a revelation of human nature of something like magical acuteness. It has been one of the chief accomplished works of modern civilization to wrap up the human mind in fold after fold of seemingly garments, the new donned before the old is cast away, and these have grown to what they cover for so long that it is difficult to make out the shape of the creature within. Mr. Shaw is able in a flash to strip away this integument, and when he does, one is so accustomed to the sight of the man's mere clothes, that to see his naked skin gives quite a shock. An artistic end is thus served by the jesting—though Mr. Shaw has not self-control enough to check it at the wise moment—in making the more startling these glimpses of humanity.

Roughly put, the theme of the play is the triumph of human nature over the narrow development of one theory of it; abnormal culture of this theory has encouraged the growth of excrescences which have almost choked up the original plant. The intellectual system of a Christian Socialist clergyman is tried and found wanting. His

self-confident defences are broken and all but the last redoubt—his bare humanity—is carried. This is the kind of theme favored by Mr. Shaw. In *Arms and the Man* it is the theory of romanticism, of chivalry and the heroic idea, which is shown as a mere limelight effect compared with the simple delight of human nature. In *You Never Can Tell* the same universal, all-powerful forces break down an artificial system of culture which is built upon pure reason and whose votaries try to annihilate motion by ignoring it. That Nature transcends all these separate developments, and that their value depends upon their harmony with her universal laws—this is a truth wholesome and salutary, and if Mr. Shaw's earnestness and his irresistible fascination for the grotesque lead him sometimes to distort the picture, still his insight is so keen and his drawing so bold and vivid that it is impossible not to see the likeness of the features to those of Truth's self.

It is to be noted that in none of these cases is any attempt made to destroy the genuine elements of the several theories. Mr. Shaw is too wise to beat at stone walls as this would be doing. *Arms and the Man*, for example, is an "anti-romantic" comedy. Yet Bluntschli, who is the apostle of iconoclasm and disillusionment in that play, confesses himself the victim of "an incurably romantic disposition." This is not a mere witty paradox, but the fact. It is the false romanticism, the accidents of the romantic idea and not its native substance which Mr. Shaw laughs at and makes his readers laugh at so heartily. He pokes fun at the preposterous cavalry charge upon batteries which had been supplied with "the wrong cartridges," but he does not invite us to laugh at the courage of Raina, who exposes herself to the bullets at her window to shield her "Chocolate Cream Soldier."

Similarly in the present play there is no attack upon Christian morals or ideals, but only upon a system which excludes or obscures the essential features of Christianity. Morell's error arises from his self-sufficiency and his over-emphasis of the importance of his work, as if that were the basis of his religion, at the expense of the things which in theory, he still holds to be essential. Eugene, who is "of imagination all compact," as far as Mr. Shaw can make him so, penetrates all these wrappings and exposes the man himself. Candida has seen all along. But she had seen also, what Marchbanks only came to see on her showing, Morell's sincerity and his need for love. It is only his intellectual position which is stormed and carried; and that is only the outer ring. The keep of his soul is impregnable.

The crisis of Morell's testing, which is really the core of the plot, is at the end of the second act, where he leaves Eugene and Candida together. He is brave enough to face the situation squarely; he has faith enough to leave the event. This is the turning point in his battle, and, though he does not realize it, the victory is from this point securely his. He has by this time learnt something of Candida's faith that what is true must be right. In the next scene Eugene is half afraid of his passion, but Candida is wiser: "You may say anything you really and truly feel. Anything at all, no matter what it is I am not afraid so long as it is your real self who speaks and not a mere attitude—a gallant attitude, or a wicked attitude, or even a poetic attitude. I put you on your honor and truth. Now say whatever you want to." This is the true doctrine of sincerity; and in spite of all his rhetoric, Morell is rootedly sincere.

His lesson is essentially a Christian lesson—indeed *the* Christian lesson. He imagines he has Candida's love by

deserving it instead of by needing it. His faith in her love for him is shaken because he cannot see that its basis is giving and not taking. His love for her also is the love that gives, and this is what makes it triumphant. Eugene sees that Candida must be giving, and he is full of his sense of need. His theory is perfect, but there is a weak spot in his appreciation of Morell.

Eugene is the seer in this play, as Bluntschli and Valentine are in the two others mentioned. In one of his flashes of inspiration he expresses what is really the key to the play. "Wicked people means people who have no love: therefore they have no shame. They have the power to ask love because they don't need it: they have the power to offer it because they have none to give. But we, who have love and long to mingle it with the love of others: we cannot utter a word." This insistence upon the supremacy of love is what gives Eugene his insight. It is the same insistence which is at the heart of John's Gospel, and which makes the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians the final expression of spiritual values. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal." This is the sum of Eugene's indictment of Morell. Knowledge, faith, work, charities, austerities, all these are vanity except as their root is love. Candida is right when she says, "Ah, James, how little you understand me, to talk of your confidence in my goodness and purity! I would give them both to poor Eugene as willingly as I would give my shawl to a beggar dying of cold, if there were nothing to restrain me. Put your trust in my love for you, James." "Whether there be preachings, they shall be done away," not that they are vain in so far as they reflect love, but that apart from it they are vanity. Candida does

not say this, but it is essential to the position she holds.

This, then, is the point at which Mr. Shaw's play reaches the natural springs of humanity; this is the truth that stands out amid the subtle relations and interactions of his characters. And it is no matter for surprise that we should reach the conclusion that it is ultimately an application to modern life of the principles of the New Testament. In common with *Nan*, *Candida* is a plea for naturalness instead of the formal attitudes which have become so characteristic of modern life. It arouses pity, sympathy, hatred, love, as *Nan* does, if in more subtle and less harrowing forms.

The most serious blunder in the play is the character of Burgess, who is quite incredible as Candida's father, and appears to have been drawn into the picture either in a fit of freakishness or perhaps to act as clown in the circus, to tickle the lungs of an audience which will have its laugh at any price. At all events Mr. Shaw's artistic sense has surrendered; for the character of Burgess, amusing as he doubtless is, certainly makes for unreality in the play.

Mr. Shaw's limitations are curiously shown also in the character of Eugene. The author insists upon terming him "the poet," and Mr. Shaw nowhere more clearly shows how destitute he himself is of poetic imagination than in the extravagances in which he makes Marchbanks indulge and which he appears to think proper to the poetic temperament. Windy talk about "ivory shallops," and "purple carpets" and a refined horror of Spanish onions and lamp-oil are apparently to be taken as marks of the poet. The truth is that Mr. Shaw is curiously devoid of the poetic faculty, and his genius, amazing in its subtle insight, is baffled, and beats about futilely at the gates of the imagination. He is master of a

terse, elastic prose which is without reason rather than, as is Mr. Mase-any magic of style, and his appeal to field's, through the imagination, the heart of his reader is through the

Note.—It is clear that Mr. Masefield knew quite well what he was doing from the striking little preface to the cheaper edition of *Nan* published since the above was written. In this he uses some of the very phrases I have used.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

George Louther.

THE STAYING GUEST.

CHAPTER V.

A hundred years or more ago the beautiful district of hills and lakes in which Della lived was sparsely inhabited by gentlefolk. In those days people liked a landscape to be smiling. Fat rolling pastures, avenues, and parks were what men of family wished to inherit and men of new fortunes to acquire. The wet climate of our hill country and its wildness kept the crowd away. But in these days the wilds are easily overrun. Men of business have their homes on the fellside and their workshops in a northern town. The whole neighborhood of Hawkmere, Wray-side, and Helm Water is populated mostly by people of large means who are able to buy a considerable slice of land with a house, so that one roof is a decent distance from another, and the horrid word suburbs only comes into curmudgeon minds that want to see no roof but their own.

Della, as we know, was perfectly satisfied with the condition of things at home. She was acquainted with every one, and intimate with a few. Her chief friend had always been Mary Audley, and before the days of cars and private telephones, when in fact they were children, they had both regretted that their homes were eight miles apart and that a meeting usually meant correspondence and arrangement. The Audleys lived at Hawkmere in a house that had a fine view of the lake and the Pavey Pikes. Admiral Audley's father had built it when

he married an heiress who brought the fortune to the family that her descendants were still enjoying. The Audleys themselves had been on the spot for a long time, if you can say that of a race of soldiers and sailors who are rarely at home. They were not people who had made money or great names, but they were steady-living pleasant people with a good but not an offensive conceit of themselves and a warm heart for their friends. They admired Della almost as unreservedly as her uncle did, but they had no idea of Jem's state of mind. Jem was a "sport" in the family, and though they were fond and proud of him, they were all sure that he was not an Audley. Mrs. Audley had been a Darcey-Demain, but she said no Darcey-Demain that ever lived would have taken any interest in the inside of an owl or have allowed his curiosity to get the better of his manners. She made this severe remark when Jem was a little boy and pulled Della's stuffed owl to pieces, and he felt it a good deal. He was on excellent terms with his family, but as he grew up it was borne in upon him that his inside, mentally speaking, was not quite like theirs. The heiress who married his grandfather had been a Miss Gibson, and her money had been made in trade. It was generally thought, but not said, for no one wished to hurt the boy's feelings, that Jem was a Gibson inside and out. His grandmother's portrait done in oils by a fashionable Victorian painter betrayed her plainness, her dark hair and

skin, and a look of intellect about the heavy brow that was very well in a man but almost oppressive in a woman. Luckily the plainness had not descended to her grand-daughters Mary and Christabel, both pretty girls, one a year older than Della and one still a flapper. Just at present the girls were at home with their parents, but the three sons were all away. Francis was with his regiment, Robert with his ship, and Jem, as we know, in London. But the three sons were coming for Christmas and would stay over New Year for Della's dance at Helm Close. There was also to be a dance at Wray'side Town Hall that week jointly given by some of the ladies of the neighborhood, and this morning the Audley girls had received a third invitation . . . from the Gilbottles! They were still looking at it, still astonished and annoyed by it, when Della arrived in her uncle's car, and when she had joined them in the morning room her first action was to take a similar card from the bag she carried and show it to them.

"What is the world coming to?" asked Mrs. Audley.

"You have never even called," said Mary.

"We did," said Christabel. "They have some excuse for asking us."

"My dear, we only called once because your father wished it," said Mrs. Audley. "He always likes to be neighborly and would not take my advice and wait. But you know that when I got home I took a firm line and said never again."

"And we were not at home when they returned the call," said Mary.

"Did that stop them from coming in?" asked Della.

"Have you had them at Helm Close?" said Mrs. Audley. "Nothing those people do would surprise me."

"The girls and their beastly dogs live amongst Dad's pheasants," said Chris-

tabel, "He and Long love them. The other day when Dad met them he lost his temper a bit and they all giggled and argued with him . . . said it was such a pretty woodland walk and ought to be public . . . poor old Dad came back purple."

"Christabel!" said Mrs. Audley.

"The young ones have a new governor," said Mary.

"Yes, I know," said Della.

"She goes on the lake with Algy by moonlight," said Christabel.

"Christabel!" said her mother again, but with more emphasis.

"How do you know that, Chris?" asked Mary.

"Well . . . she did once . . . last week. I saw her when Long rowed me back from the Sherwins. She's as pretty as paint. I don't wonder at Algy."

"My dear Christabel!" said Mrs. Audley.

"I know her," said Della unwillingly. "We met in Berlin and travelled back to London together. In the hotel I introduced her to Jem, and she asked him to introduce her to the Gilbottles. So she really got there through us."

"I suppose that's why they've asked you to their dance," said Mrs. Audley.

"They've done worse than that," said Della.

Mrs. Audley looked up from her correspondence. She was one of the ladies who were giving the Wray'side dance, and had more than usual on her hands in consequence.

"They called while we were away," Della narrated. "We have never called on them, but that didn't stop them. They brought Miss Jordan, and said she was a friend of mine, and would like to see the house, and the view from the windows. Unfortunately Smith was out. He would have grappled with them. But a new young housemaid opened the door, and she told Martha they swarmed in . . .

six of them . . . they swarmed all over the house . . . looking at everything . . . the pictures . . . the views . . . the bedrooms . . . yes . . . they stayed quite a long time in my bedroom and tidied themselves at my dressing-table . . . it was a windy day. . . ."

"Jehoshaphat!" said Christabel, who was sitting all this time on the arm of Delia's chair, while Mary sat on the fender, and looked up at her friend.

"And then . . ." continued Delia.

"They asked for tea," said Mary.

"And beds," said Christabel.

"No . . . worse. They all *six* wrote their names in our visitors' book . . . in great sprawling hands . . . at least, the Gilberts sprawl . . . Mrs. Gilbert . . . Mrs. Trumper of Timaru . . . Magnolia Gilbert . . . Jessamine Gilbert . . . Algernon Gilbert . . . and in a neat little tucked away corner Lydia Jordan . . . I'm sure she couldn't help it . . . when five Gilberts spread themselves over you no doubt you have to do as you're told."

"Who is Mrs. Trumper of Timaru?" asked Mary.

"I know," said Christabel. "She's an Australian millionairess, and comes down to dinner every night in a diamond crown. The other day Mrs. Gilbert and she had a fearful quarrel, and there's still a coolness. You see Mrs. Gilbert has just had a set of false teeth, but no one is supposed to know a word about it except her maid."

"Christabel, how do you know about it?" asked Mrs. Audley with rebuke in her glance.

"Davis tells me when she brushes my hair," said the flapper unabashed. "I love gossip, and Davis is a splendid gossip."

"Not to me," said Mrs. Audley.

"Or to me," said Mary.

"That's where I score," said Christabel, "I hear it all. Davis and Mrs.

Gilbottle's maid are pals. They meet at the end of our drive, and have long talks and the other day there was a dinner party, and in one of those silences that come, Mrs. Trumper asked Mrs. Gilbert right across the room, if she liked her new 'eating-apparatus, and if it worked easily. Mrs. Gilbert went as red as claret, and glared, and never answered a word."

"Were you there, Christabel?" asked Mrs. Audley.

"No, but I know all about it: the quarrel happened when the dinner party had gone, and then it came out that Mrs. Trumper had meant the new hot-water pipes in the hall."

"I can't think why they stay in a neighborhood where no one wants them," said Mary. "It can't be pleasant to be left out as they are."

"No one thought of leaving them out at first," said Mrs. Audley. "We were all glad when we heard that Blazey Hall was taken."

"They certainly are impossible," said Delia.

When she had gone to Berlin a year ago the Gilberts had not been long at Blazey Hall, but she had seen the various members of the family, and in their case to see was enough. The way the girls did their hair, tilted their hats, and loafed about with common looking young men condemned them; their brother was the image of *Mr. Punch's* young Gorgius Midas and the parents were plainly coarse-grained people with money. You would have expected them to live in an expensive suburb of a big city and to find Hawkmere dull. Before she went abroad Delia had sometimes met them in the Wray's shops, but as she had not called these encounters had been without embarrassment. Now she might any day come across Lydia Jordan in their company and find it difficult to ignore them. As she went home from Appledorpe she reflected on these

things, and when she stopped the car at the chief draper's shop in Wray'side she had instantly to make up her mind what to do. For the shop was swarming with Gilbottles, and from amongst them emerged the small, graceful figure and vivid face of Lydia Jordan. She looked so delighted to see Della and was so clever and quick to understand her and get out of the shop and into the car that it was impossible to be anything but kind and friendly.

"We can talk better here," said Della. "How are you getting on? Are you comfortable?"

Lydia's little shrug was expressive.

"I have a good room and plenty to eat," she said. "It is better than with my aunt in Berlin. I should have written to thank you, Miss Middleton, but I thought I would wait. . . ."

"You have nothing to thank me for," said Della. "I should not have sent you to the Gilbottles."

"I was glad to get under cover . . . anywhere," said Lydia in a tone of apology; "my cousins would have taken me but they are very poor. I didn't want to be a burden on them."

"I suppose you teach the younger children?"

"Yes; the kiddies. Mrs. Gilbottle always calls them the kiddies. And I converse in French with the young ladies and Mr. Algernon. We never talk at Blazey Hall. We converse: we never begin anything: we commence: we have serviettes embroidered with the Gilbottle crest, and though we talk of 'lucksbery' we are most careful about alitches. Some of us nearly knock people down with them."

"You must come and see me . . . by yourself," said Della and then drew back a little because she saw Mrs. Gilbottle with her two daughter Magnolia and Jessamine coming out of the draper's shop. But Mrs. Gilbottle was not the woman to be daunted by a gesture. She came up to the car and

talked to Della through the open window.

"How do you do, Miss Middleton," she said, "You and Miss Jordan having a little gossip? But the best of friends must part when it's lunch time and it's all that now, so come along, Miss Jordan. Mr. Gilbottle always says his family may please themselves between meals so long as they'll appear punctual at meals. He's a very successful man, as you may judge, Miss Middleton, by our style of living, and he puts it all down to understanding that time is money, never wastes a minute I assure you, and that's more than most of us can say. I'm sorry you weren't at home when we brought your young friend to call last week, but anyhow we've made a beginning, and I hope you're coming to our dance."

So far Della had not spoken, but she had opened the door of the car for Lydia to get out; and now as she shook hands she murmured something vague about seeing her again.

"You must come over and see Miss Jordan before the dance," said Mrs. Gilbottle. "I always make the governess one of ourselves. Can't you fix a day now and come to lunch?"

"I'm afraid not," said Della, "I was just asking Miss Jordan if she could come to us. I seldom leave my uncle."

"Why can't he come too?" inquired Mrs. Gilbottle.

"Oh! he has lumbago," said Della, "but if Miss Jordan could come to us some day I would send the car for her and let it take her back."

It was very hard on Della. While she tackled Mrs. Gilbottle Lydia stood behind the lady with mischief and comprehension in her sparkling eyes; and as the dialogue proceeded she began to laugh and nearly to make Della laugh. But Mrs. Gilbottle was now reinforced by two large splendid daugh-

ters, and the elder one, Magnolia, answered what Delia had just said.

"We have three cars of our own," she intimated, "and we have not put down our horses as most people do. We have a landau and an omnibus and various small traps. I daresay we can send Miss Jordan, and fetch her too."

"But not on a Saturday or Sunday," said Mrs. Gilbottle, who now became rather huffy. "Mr. Gilbottle is at home for his week-ends, and I can't have the kiddies tearing round then and aggravating him. He likes his quiet, does Mr. Gilbottle."

"I am sure he does," said Delia, signing to her chauffeur to start, though she had not bought the black braid her maid wanted. "My uncle can't stand children for more than five minutes. Good-bye, Mrs. Gilbottle."

But though her manner was urbanity itself she felt vexed with everything and everybody: with the Gilbottles because they were Gilbottles, and with Lydia for being there, and with herself for having stopped at the draper's shop when they were in it. When she got home she sent Mrs. Gilbottle a formal refusal, and she sent Lydia an invitation to the dance at Helm Close on New Year's Eve. With it she enclosed a note offering to fetch her, put her up for the night, and send her back next day. Her uncle was not in for lunch, but at teatime she told him what she had done, and found that he approved of inviting Lydia.

"To be sure . . . to be sure," he said, "but can we ask her and not the Gilbottles?"

"We don't know the Gilbottles," said Delia.

"I suppose we don't," said Mr. Butler, feeding Mack, his Cocker spaniel, with buttered toast—"I suppose in a sense we don't. At the same time they have asked us to their dances and their names are in our visitors' book."

"We can't help that."

"But isn't it difficult to ignore them and ask their governess?"

"I don't see it," said Delia, and her tone was final. She began to talk of Christmas presents and Christmas festivities and of the music it was best to have on New Year's Eve. She knew that her uncle liked a long gossip with her at teatime about home affairs, and whenever she was not too busy she obliged him. She had taken a firm hold of the domestic reins already and had shown her team that she meant to keep them in hand. Behind her stood old Martha with her knowledge and experience, but Martha had never possessed the girl's courage. One or two swift and justifiable dismissals and a re-arrangement of work had established a wholesome belief in kitchen and garret that Miss Middleton had a head on her shoulders and eyes in the back of her head.

For many years it had been the custom for Mr. Butler and Delia to spend Christmas Day with the Audleys and for the Audleys to spend next day at Helm Close. The thought of Christmas always associated itself in Delia's mind with this long interchange of visits, presents, and holiday making. Her memories went back to years ago when as a child she had gone to church with her uncle on Christmas morning, and then driven to Applethwaite with him in a carriage laden with presents. She saw herself arrive in the warm holly-trimmed hall, where Mrs. Audley received the motherless little girl with affectionate kindness. The lighted pudding, the crackers, the great iced Christmas cake, the presents, and the Christmas games were all at Applethwaite and the skating was next day on Helm Water. One Christmas Jem and she had stolen out after tea and skated by moonlight and enjoyed themselves hugely. That was the year before she put her hair up, when she

was still a flapper. She had always been Jem's special friend and she meant to treat him just as usual when he came this Christmas. She was sure she had been wise to refuse him. He was not on his feet yet, and she did not want to marry for years. She was sure that if the elders knew what she had done they would approve.

"Did my mother marry young, Uncle Charles?" she asked as they motored to Applethwaite on Christmas Day.

"She did, my dear," said Mr. Butler with a sigh.

"How old was she?"

"I must think . . . let me see . . . she must have been about twenty-five."

"But I don't call that young," cried Della.

"Perhaps not . . . but you see there wasn't much money . . . and in those days I hadn't much . . . and things went badly . . ."

"Have I any money of my own?" asked Della. "Did my father and mother leave any?"

"No, they left none," said Mr. Butler, "but you came straight to me, old lady . . . you're all right."

"I know I am," said Della.

CHAPTER VI.

The chief sitting-rooms at Helm Close opened into the hall, which was bigger than any of them, and which had been cleared for dancing when Lydia arrived at the house on New Year's Eve. The rest of the house-party had come by train earlier in the afternoon, and Mr. Butler's car had been twice to Hawkmere Station and back before it was able to call for Lydia and some of the Audleys. Applethwaite was full for Della's dance, and it had been arranged that when the Helm Close car fetched the pretty little governess from Blazey Hall it should call there first, and then "for the sweepings," as Christabel said,

"Probably Jem, me, and a couple of Dale boys."

So Lydia had set out in state from Blazey Hall feeling, as no doubt Cinderella did, that a coach was pleasant, although it was only hers for the evening, and that the life of servitude to which she must return next day lay on the other side of an experience that would flash like a comet across a drab horizon and which might light the way to better things.

The inrush into the car of four cheerful young people, who all treated her with great civility, made a good beginning, and the discovery that Jem Audley was one of them lent an extra thrill. When they arrived at Helm Close and had taken off their wraps, they were shown into the drawing-room, and as Lydia crossed the large hall with the others her eyes sparkled and her spirits rose. She had just seen the house the other day when the Glibbottles raided it, but she got a more vivid impression to-night of its charm and dignity. All the chief rooms were thrown open, all the lights were on, and plants and flowers were put wherever the dancers would not find them in the way. Della, coming forward to receive them, seemed a person of greater consequence than the quiet young Englishwoman who had eaten black bread and sausage at Frau von Quint's supper table, or even than the girl with money who had brought her back to England. This, then, was Della's home. Here she lived and reigned, and here she would stay till some Prince Charming with a home equally attractive lured her away. Della looked very well to-night in a soft white satin, rather plainly made. She wore a pearl and diamond pendant her uncle had given her for Christmas and a diamond comb in her hair. She met Lydia with encouragement and kindness, and introduced her at once to Mr. Butler and to some of the people

near. There was a little hubbub of recognition and greeting for a moment; then other guests began to arrive. But from the first Lydia did not have a lonely or neglected moment. The two Dale boys saw that the little mouse who had been in the car with them changed when she came to light into what they called a daisy. Delia was their beauty, but here was a new beauty as unlike Delia in looks as she was in quality. A daisy was not her flower, for certain. A daisy is sweet and good and golden. Lydia's flower should have been as alluring and diaphanous as her pale pink gown, and as perfumed as the wreath of stephanotis in her hair. Her eyes, the Dale boys discovered when she lifted them, were blue—deep, velvety blue, with lights of mischief and coquetry. By the time they had written their names in her programme and offered her coffee at the buffet their heads were turned for the evening. Then Jem Audley asked her for a dance, and introduced his brothers to her. They were fair, handsome young men with softer manners than his, and, as Lydia guessed, less brains. She was delighted to give them dances, and thought herself lucky to begin the evening with five names on her programme. But her luck did not end here. In a company where every one knew each other, the fact that she was a stranger would have been against her if she had been stiff and plain and a bad dancer. But when the young men of the neighborhood saw the Audleys and the Dales all dancing with an amazingly pretty girl, they wanted to dance with her too, and asked to be introduced. If they went to Mr. Butler he said, "Oh! that's Miss Jordan, some one Delia met abroad," and carried the inquirer to Lydia's feet. If Delia was asked she said much the same. Neither host nor hostess thought it necessary to mention the Gilberts or Lydia's position at

Blazey Hall. But when Jem's brothers asked him about Lydia he told them of his first introduction to her at the Warrington and of the part he had played in getting her her present berth.

"She doesn't look like a governess," said Captain Audley.

"She doesn't dance like one," said the sailor brother.

"She is one though," said Jem, and when he danced with her he asked her how she was getting on with the Gilberts. She gave the same expressive shrug that she had given when Delia asked, and she answered in much the same words.

"I have food and a roof over my head," she said. "I have no regrets, and I am much obliged to you for bringing us together."

"I'm glad it's a success," said Jem.

"You expected a failure?"

"You see I don't know the Gilberts."

"You are lucky."

"You don't like them, then?"

She lifted her eyes to his, and they mocked at him sweetly.

"But they are odious," she said.

"All of them?"

"Every one of them. . . . Nevertheless . . ."

Jem's attention wandered for a moment to Delia, who, with eyes everywhere, had just pounced on Frank Dale and carried him willy-nilly to dance with the plainest girl in the room. Then he turned to his companion and found that she had observed his inattention. Her eyelids covered her eyes now and he could admire her long curling eyelashes and the shape of her delicate chin. She certainly was a dainty creature, and the thought of her being under the heel of people like the Gilberts would have troubled Jem if at the back of his mind he had not formed a conviction that she could take care of herself.

"Shall we go on dancing?" he said,

and then gave himself up to the pleasure of the moment. There was not another girl in the room who danced as she did. Compared with her they were stiff and solid, while even Della, who danced well, could not carry him with her as this spring-heeled wonder did. She was not even out of breath when he stopped.

"You can dance?" he said.

She had a fan hanging at her side which she unfurled now and gently rocked to and fro with the rhythm of the music.

"I should like to dance in this hall by myself," she said, "with a great space cleared for me and all of you looking on."

"You could?" said Jem. "You would have the nerve?" But there was more affirmation than inquiry in his voice. He felt sure that she had nerve enough for anything she took in hand.

"Yes, I could," she said, and then they began to dance again.

Della was his next partner. They had met at Christmas on the old terms of affectionate friendship, and Della perceived that he was not breaking his heart on her account. She decided that his good sense had shown him the good sense of her refusal—rather positively and swiftly perhaps. He seemed just as usual, cheerful, keen about his work, and ready for his holiday. When he came towards her to-night to claim their dance she was in the drawing-room arranging two card-tables for some of the older people. At one table three players were clamoring for Mr. Butler, who had promised to make a fourth and had vanished.

"Mr. Butler is talking to the young lady with stephanotis in her hair," said Mrs. Audley who came in just then. "I think they are arranging a performance of some kind."

"A performance?" said Della, and went out into the hall followed by Jem. But as they appeared the band

struck up a new waltz and Lydia joined in it with Frank Dale. Mr. Butler was seen to enter the drawing-room.

"What can Mrs. Audley have meant?" said Della. "I am not having a performance of any kind to-night. Uncle Charles knows that."

"Perhaps he has changed his mind," said Jem.

"But I haven't changed mine," said Della.

"I suppose you never do."

"I generally know what I want."

"And what you don't want."

"That follows—doesn't it?"

They were dancing as they talked and just in front of them Lydia danced. Jem watched her over Della's shoulder and recalled the ease and feathery lightness of her movements and the lure of her small soft body when she had danced with him just before.

"Look at Frank Dale and your little friend," he said. "Frank is having the time of his life."

"Isn't she pretty to-night," said Della. "I had no idea it was in her to look like that."

"I should think there is a good deal in her," said Jem.

"Don't you like her?"

"I see that she is bewitching."

"Is she?" said Della, and looked again. How odd men were. Lydia was pretty, but not prettier than one or two other girls in the room who attracted less attention and fewer followers. Lydia, with nothing to help or recommend her but her personal charm, was the star of the evening. The young men present, behaving rather like a lot of silly sheep, had made her so.

"May Anderson is much prettier," she said, "and so is Venetia Drake."

Jem laughed.

"They are both good girls . . .

and pretty," he conceded . . . "but not amusing."

As he spoke the waltz ended abruptly and was followed by a solemn silence, the card-players came out of the drawing-room, men looked at their watches, and no one moved or spoke until the band struck up the first bars of Auld Lang Syne and proclaimed the New Year. All round the room hands were joined and voices lifted in a chorus to the words of the melancholy song English people choose when they speed an old year and welcome a new one.

"But how sad!" cried Lydia to her Dale boy. "I have never heard that sung on New Year's Eve before."

"It's always sung on New Year's Eve," said Frank Dale.

"Not where I was raised. We don't want to mourn on New Year's Eve."

"What do you do then?"

The song ended a moment sooner than Lydia thought it would and every one near saw and heard her as she freed her hands, raised one to her lips, and cried in a clear, merry voice:—

"This is punch. I drink to you. *Prosit Neu Jahr.*"

There was such vitality in her figure, such mischief and laughter in her face, that people took their cue from her, forgot their sad song, forgot for the moment their sad memories, and, like Lydia, went with smiles to wish their friends a Happy New Year.

"You've brought one to Helm Close," Mr. Butler said to her when she shook hands with him.

"Are you coming into supper with me?" Jem said to Della when he went up to her with his good wishes.

"I can't," she said, "I've promised Francis, your brother."

She wished she had not. Her prophetic instinct saw now what her eyes saw a little later. . . . Jem and Lydia at the only table in the supper room set for two people.

"There," as usual," said Christabel, who happened to go in with her. "Jem always gets what every one else wants."

"Does he?" said Della. She had only looked in as hostess, and now returned to the hall for an "extra" with that handsome, amiable Francis Audley, who, compared with Jem, was dull. When the dance was finished they went into supper together. As they were eating the band struck up a tune to which Della's guests could certainly not dance one of those extra waltzes that were to go on during supper. It was from a popular musical comedy, and a well-known London actress danced to it every night. Della had seen her.

"How odd!" she said. "I wonder why they are playing that."

No one at her table knew, and after listening a moment they went on with their trifle and champagne. But when the music stopped and through the buzz and clatter in the dining-room Della heard sounds of applause, she got up.

"I want to see what is going on," she said to Captain Audley, so he got up too and followed her into the hall. As they arrived there the band struck up again and they saw that one end of the hall had been left clear while every one not at supper had clustered at the other end. In the empty space Lydia was dancing. Della got a swift impression of a delighted friendly audience and of the glittering, flying figure performing for them. The glitter came from a long, wide silver gauze scarf that had been a Christmas present to Della from Mrs. Audley and which she had taken off when she began to dance herself to-night. Lydia, however, danced with it, flew it from her like a flag in wind, and ended by springing on an oak chest where she stood with the scarf floated from her outstretched arms, the image of grace and motion.

But Della, finding herself close to Jem, turned to him anxiously.

"How queer she looks!" she said. "It has been too much for her."

"She's going to faint," he said, and without visible hurry it seemed to Della that he just strolled forward and caught the girl before she fell. There was a moment of dismay among the lookers-on, but every one made room for Jem as with Della to direct him he carried Lydia into the old school-room and put her on a sofa there.

"Little fool," he said; "she ate nothing at supper. Brandy, please, Della, and cold water."

Della ran to fetch both herself, while Jem opened the nearest window. When he got back to the sofa Lydia had opened her eyes.

"I heard you call me a fool," she said to Jem.

"Did you?" he said.

"I suppose I am one?"

"You know what you had for supper—grapes and a glass of water—had you dined?"

"At one o'clock with the kiddies—but, you see, I knew I was going to dance."

"Who asked you to?"

"Mr. Butler."

Jem tried to look at his patient with professional and impersonal interest. But as he was a young man as well as a doctor he could not help responding to the appeal made by the girl's beautiful eyes and low purring voice. She lay there still wrapped in Della's silver scarf, as dainty as an elf and as alluring as a cat when it coaxes you to pet it.

"I suppose she ought to go straight to bed," Della said when she came

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back again, but the words were hardly out of her mouth when Lydia slid her feet to the ground and sat up on the sofa.

"I'm quite all right," she said. "I'm sorry to have given all this trouble—and here is your scarf, Miss Middleton—I wanted something in my hands, and Mr. Butler said I might use it."

"But is she all right?" asked Della of Jem.

"Perhaps a little chicken and champagne," he began—

"Yes, yes," said Lydia delightedly, "I'm hungry and thirsty. If you'll give me some supper now, Mr. Audley, I'll eat it."

Della was left behind in the school-room with the brandy and water which had not been used, and with her shining scarf that she began to fold. She still had it in her hands when Christabel Audley came in to say that people were beginning to go and were asking for their hostess.

"I'll come," said Della, and put the scarf down.

"I met Jem and the pussy-cat," said Christabel. "They were going into supper again."

"Why do you call her a pussy-cat?"

"Because she is one."

"How do you know?"

"Oh! I see. I've seen her in a boat with Algy Gilbottle, and I saw her just now with Jem. She's a nice, soft, pretty pussy-cat—with claws."

"What nonsense you always talk, Chris!"

Chris laughed, and her shrewd eyes followed Della's glance.

"You'll never like that scarf again," she said.

(To be continued.)

THE FRANCHISE BILL AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

The introduction of the Franchise Bill as a serious Government measure has a double effect upon the prospects of Women's Suffrage. In one way it makes its attainment easier; in another, more difficult.

It makes it easier because it opens out a path in which, if a footing is gained, further progress is assured. Up to the present time the advocates of the enfranchisement of women in the House of Commons have had to content themselves with what is now the hopeless method of a private member's bill. Such a measure, when used for matters of great national importance, affords no means whereby to attain legislation. The powers of obstruction in the House of Commons are, if made full use of, insuperable, unless resisted by the might of the Executive Government, and thus the expectation of being able to carry the enfranchisement of women by a private measure every year becomes smaller, and may now be said to have vanished. Hence the appearance of a Government Bill dealing with the franchise, coupled with the assurance that if a majority of the Commons agree to insert an amendment extending its operation to women, the Government will accept it as part of their Bill, and carry it through Parliament, does undoubtedly give a chance to Suffragists which they have never had before. It is a chance which is not likely to recur, for if the Bill passes the Commons this year the House of Lords will be powerless to prevent it from becoming law; whereas, after this year, the provisions of the Parliament Act cannot be brought into operation within the life of the existing House of Commons.

The opportunity is one that is worth taking advantage of by all who believe that the admission of women to the

rights of citizenship will be an act of justice to the sex, and of value to the common life of the nation. On the other hand, if this opportunity is neglected, and if the next election brings about an alteration in the composition of the House of Commons, which may be due to causes quite unconnected with the subject of Women's Suffrage, the position won up to now will be lost, and it will take years of work before it will be regained.

Let us look at the Parliamentary situation, as evidenced by the divisions on the Bills that have been recently discussed.

In the year 1907 I introduced a Bill in a form which would have merely removed the disqualification of women, the effect of which would have been to enfranchise about two million women. This Bill was talked out, but was re-introduced by Mr. Stanger in the following year, and the second reading was carried by 271 votes to 92; a majority of 179.

In 1909 Mr. Geoffrey Howard's Bill for adult suffrage was debated. This would have enfranchised about ten million women. The second reading was divided upon in a very small house, and carried by 159 to 124; majority 35.

In 1910 a Bill was presented by Mr. Shackleton, based on the principle of giving the Parliamentary vote to those women who now possess the vote for municipal purposes, numbering about one million and a quarter. A second reading was accorded to this Bill by 301 votes to 192; majority, 109. The same Bill was reintroduced in 1911 by Sir George Kemp, and on the second reading 257 members voted in its favor, and only 90 against, showing a majority of 167 in support of woman's suffrage.

Thus on four occasions during the

past four years members of the House of Commons have by large majorities declared themselves to be in favor of the enfranchisement of women, and on one occasion the votes for and against were in the proportion of nearly three to one.

I do not, however, lose sight of the fact that on March 26th in the present year the same Bill which had been carried previously by 257 to 90 was rejected by 222 to 208. This was, however, due to certain special reasons. Firstly, the debate took place shortly after the window-breaking organized by the militant suffragists had outraged public opinion, and this influenced the votes of several members who had previously favored woman suffrage. Secondly, the narrow and undemocratic nature of this Bill had alienated a good deal of Liberal support from it. And thirdly, the position of Parliamentary business with respect to the Home Rule Bill caused many members who are supporters of Women's Suffrage (including some thirty Irish Nationalists) to vote against the second reading of a Bill which they knew would not settle the question, whilst the time spent upon it would endanger the passing of other measures. In view of these facts, and notwithstanding the division of March 26th, I believe it is still a fact that in the present House of Commons there is a sufficient majority of members in favor of the principle of extending the Parliamentary vote to women to compel the Government to redeem its promises to make Women's Suffrage part of its Franchise Bill.

Let me now quote what these promises are.

In May, 1908, after Mr. Stanger's Bill had been discussed, the promoters approached the Prime Minister with the request that he should grant facilities for its further progress. In declining this, Mr. Asquith stated that

the Government proposed to introduce a Bill for reforming the franchise, and that if on that occasion any members sought to introduce an amendment to extend the franchise to women, the Government "could hardly resist such an amendment for the simple and sufficient reason that probably some two-thirds of his colleagues in the Ministry were in favor of it." He added that "the change must be a change upon democratic lines," and "subject to that condition he could not oppose such an amendment, even if he desired to do so, having regard to the state of opinion of the Liberal Party on this question."

Since 1908 it has therefore been clearly understood that the appearance of a Government Franchise Bill would afford the opportunity desired for obtaining legislative sanction to the admission of women to the electorate.

Acting on this assumption a deputation of representatives from Women's Suffrage Societies waited on the Prime Minister on November 17th, 1911, and in response to their question he assured them that a Government measure would be introduced in the session of 1912, based on manhood suffrage, but so framed as to admit of the House of Commons inserting amendments which would extend its operation to women. Mr. Asquith used the following words. "If you can persuade a majority of the members in the present House of Commons in the next session, either in regard to the Conciliation Bill or in regard to the Reform Bill, to introduce into that Bill qualifications for the suffrage for women, if a majority of the House of Commons is prepared to assent to them I give you my assurance, on behalf of the Government, that they will accept the decision thus come to, and will forward the measure in one case and give facilities for it in the other"; and in reply to the following question, viz., "Will the Government re-

gard any amendment enfranchising women, if carried as an integral part of the Bill, and defend it in all its stages?" the Prime Minister said "Certainly!"

We find ourselves accordingly in this position, that if the majority of the House of Commons can agree upon an amendment which will confer the suffrage upon women, they have it in their power to inscribe it upon the Statute Book of the United Kingdom. But whilst the Franchise Bill thus offers facilities for the supporters of Women's Suffrage to carry through a policy of enfranchisement, it presents at the same time difficulties which are in some respects greater than those which have met them hitherto. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that the Franchise Bill, in altering the basis of electoral rights, has necessitated an entire change of method on the part of those who desire to extend those rights to women.

The form of words under which Suffrage Societies have for some years defined their claim has been that they demand the "same rights as are, or may be, conferred upon men." Under the old electoral system such a claim, if granted, would have resulted in the admission to the lists of electors of about two million women. The reason for this lay in the fact that the great majority of electors have hitherto obtained their vote by being the "occupier as owner or tenant" of a dwelling-house. Inasmuch as it is almost universally the custom in ordinary families for the father of the family to be considered the legal occupier of the house, the granting of the occupation franchise to women would have in effect left unenfranchised almost all wives in the United Kingdom. The female electorate would have consisted principally of widows and spinsters occupying a dwelling of their own, owners of free hold land and lodgers.

The Franchise Bill, however, will in effect abolish altogether the qualification of the occupier of the house, and residence alone will admit to the register. Thus the simple and logical proposition hitherto advanced of precisely similar rights for men and for women, if accepted in this Bill, will give the vote to all women who can show six months' residence; that is to say will, instead of enfranchising two millions of women, place on the register about 10½ millions of women side by side with 10 millions of men. Thus the Suffrage Societies who have hitherto been asking for a very moderate, and indeed inadequate, quantum of representation for the female sex, find that their policy now involves the advocacy of what is practically adult suffrage, and the exhibition of an amount of democratic courage in which hitherto they have been lacking.

Not that their leaders show any signs of wavering. The convinced suffragist holds, and rightly holds, that the more we extend the franchise to men the more need is there for a wide enfranchisement of women. Apart from the injustice of adding two million of male voters to the lists, whilst we leave every woman still outside the pale of political power, they think that the enfranchisement of large classes of men, with little fixture of abode and of an easily excited and unreliable disposition, renders it the more needful in the interests of the country that the sound common-sense of womankind should be able to make itself heard. There are not a few Conservatives who believe that women, even if admitted to the electorate as freely as men, will tend to resist violent and sudden changes of public opinion and prove to be a real bulwark of the constitution. These persons are willing to accept the logical result of their propaganda, and do not fight shy even of adult female suffrage.

But their followers are not so bold, and herein lies the difficulty. This is the case with many Members of Parliament. They fear the sudden adoption of a scheme of suffrage which increases the electorate at one stroke of the pen to over 20 millions, as compared with 8 millions at present. They doubt whether it is wise to have an electorate in which women will be in a majority of nearly one million over men. The change, they think, will be almost a revolution, and the results of it must in any case be uncertain. Hence there are many who, whilst anxious to see a moderate measure for the enfranchisement of women, hesitate to bestow upon them absolutely the same electoral rights as it is proposed to give to men, and the question is whether it is possible to meet the views of these persons by means of amendments to the Franchise Bill.

In introducing the Franchise Bill, Mr. Pease stated that if its provisions were extended to females it would enfranchise 10½ million women. This is on the assumption that women would be entitled to be electors at twenty-one years of age. But there is no reason why twenty-one should be taken as the age at which women should obtain this right. The commencing age might be twenty-five or thirty, or even higher. Now the number of women in the United Kingdom of twenty-five years of age and over is about 11,300,000, as compared with 13,000,000 over twenty-one; and those over thirty amount to about 9,300,000. Thus taking the figure given by Mr. Pease when introducing the Franchise Bill, namely, 10,500,000 female voters who would be enfranchised at the age of twenty-one, and applying this proportion to those at twenty-five and thirty, we should have a little over 9,000,000 electors if twenty-five, and 7,500,000 if thirty were to be the lowest limit.

If a higher age were to be adopted,

the number of women voters would of course be further diminished; but it would be difficult to justify so wide a differentiation between men and women; and, moreover, it is doubtful whether age alone furnishes the best measure of the political wisdom or reliability of electors. What we desire to arrive at is an electorate of women of settled position, experience, and responsibility; and there are other methods which will better achieve this end.

The existing municipal register contains about one million of women. These are women who occupy residences of their own, being either widows who are the heads of their families, or spinsters living independent lives and usually occupied in some business. All of these should undoubtedly be placed upon the list of parliamentary voters. But if this were all that was done, it would provide a very inadequate and unfair representation of the female population of the country. There are still over seven million married women who are, in fact, just as much in the position of responsible heads of families as are the existing municipal electors. If we are seeking to enfranchise the true womanhood of the nation, we dare not pass over the wives and mothers. It is they upon whom the future physical and moral strength of the people depend. They are the class which first feel the pinch of hunger or hardship. They know the difficulties of making both ends meet. Upon them fall the burdens of rating and taxation more directly than upon the men. Almost every problem of home legislation appeals to them in its acutest form. Education, sanitation, insurance, Free Trade, are to them living issues in their daily life. A measure of enfranchisement of women which left the wives unrepresented would leave the best part of women out of the fold, and would be an experiment which, by reason of that

very fact, would be bound to fail.

How, then, can the wives be brought on to the register of electors? For this we can find assistance in the neighboring country of Norway. Here the vote, both for Municipal and Parliamentary purposes, was recently given to women. As the right to that vote depended upon the payment of taxes, and as the usual custom was for the man to be responsible for this payment, the married women would have been left off the register. But to obviate this hardship, the Norwegian laws were amended so as to allow a woman to be considered as being a taxpayer for the purposes of the franchise if her husband was a payer of taxes.

Following this precedent a Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons in each of the last three sessions under the title of "The Women's Enfranchisement (No. 2) Bill." This Bill was based upon the existing occupation franchise enjoyed by male electors. It extended this right to women occupiers, *i.e.*, to women who are the owners or tenants of their own homes: but it also proposed that for the purposes of the suffrage a wife should be deemed to be a joint occupier with her husband. It would have put the wife in the position which in fact, if not in law, she occupies at present, namely, that of a partner with her husband in the common establishment.

Now, if the existing electoral system had remained unaltered, this method of treating the question of married women would have been easily accomplished, and it would have enfranchised something less than half the total number of adult women. But by the introduction of manhood suffrage the occupying husbands disappear as electoral units, and give place to a far larger number of residential voters, with also a proportionately larger number of wives. Therefore, if we are to devise a scheme

whereby the number of female electors will be limited to about 50 per cent. of the adult women, the new franchise does not help us, and we must have recourse to some special provision applicable to women only. This can be achieved by re-adopting the old occupation franchise, which has for many years done good service in respect to male electors. The occupier is the head of the family, and although in future the male head is to have no greater electoral rights than his son or his brother, we may with perfect fairness to the female sex compel them to pass through the "occupation" stage as men have done, before receiving the full privileges of adult female suffrage. And, after all, it is a fair argument that the mother, as a head of the family, ought to take precedence of her daughters and her domestic servants in entering into their new heritage of political power.

Such a scheme will have the merit of simplicity and will involve the application of no new legal principles. It will give the vote to every woman who is the owner or tenant of the dwelling-house which she inhabits, and, in addition to these, the wife of every man who occupies a dwelling-house under similar conditions will be entitled to be on the register if she has lived there during six months. This is practically an enfranchisement of "Heads of families." The number of women who will thus be entitled to be placed upon the electorate is difficult to ascertain with precision; but I estimate that if we were to enfranchise women at the age of twenty-one by this method we should have on the register in England and Wales something under six millions, whilst the number in Scotland and Ireland would be rather over half a million in each country. If, on the other hand, the age were fixed at twenty-five, the number in England and Wales would be about five million,

with proportionately reduced numbers in Scotland and Ireland.

By this arrangement about one-half of the women of the country would be enfranchised, a number sufficient to give a fair, general representation of women's thoughts and women's wishes. In this respect it is preferable to the scheme which extends the vote only to the present municipal electors as that would hardly enfranchise more than one woman in every eleven.

It will, moreover, place on the register those classes of women whose homes and families give them the greatest stake in the country, and whose position and experience will be a guarantee that they will exercise their power with wisdom and prudence.

Further, it will provide a settlement of the question which should subsist for some years. A more limited measure would be regarded as the thin edge

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of a wedge which the twelve million of unenfranchised women would inevitably set to work at once to drive further in, and the suffrage movement, instead of being set at rest for a while, would continue to be a source of discontent and irritation. The glaring disparity between the political rights of men and women would accentuate the conflict between the sexes and perpetuate divisions on other than political lines. What we ought to aim at is bringing women into the ranks of electors as ordinary individuals and not as fighters for women's rights. If this is done, the changes which some people dread will, I believe, be accomplished with no upheaval in our political life; but, on the contrary, it will bring about that strengthening of Parliamentary institutions which has invariably followed on every extension of the franchise in this country.

W. H. Dickinson.

AERODROME REFLECTIONS.

When time has buried in oblivion the superficial things of to-day, and only the realities survive, the "invention" of the aeroplane, stripped of the obscuring processes by which it has gradually been evolved, will stand out in the history of the twentieth century as conspicuously as the invention of the locomotive did in the history of the nineteenth century. The unwieldy, mediæval-looking machines in use to-day, crudely simple, like Nature's own early attempts in winged life, will arouse the same sense of pity and admiration that we experience on comparing "Puffing Billy" at Darlington with the modern railway engine.

There is no story in science more entrusted with romance than this quest after the secret of the birds. Generation after generation has seen men struggling in vain to reach the goal,

and has jeered at the failures of these prophetic minds. There were the birds around them, soaring, swooping, gliding, often for long periods without a visible motion of the wings, the essence of grace and ease, and yet every effort of man to copy their example only ended in failure, and sometimes in death. Everything required for gliding flight had been available since the time when men learned the art of weaving and of fashioning wood; yet the famous German, Lillenthal, who was killed during one of his experiments so lately as the year 1896, was the first man to develop gliding—the basis of mechanical flight—into a practical thing. Lillenthal to some extent guided the experiments of the young Englishman, Plicher, who was killed in 1899; and it was Lillenthal's triumph which inspired the Brothers

Wright. The recent death of Wilbur Wright from typhoid fever has reminded the world of the astonishing performances of the two brothers—the real inventors of mechanical flight—how for years, in a manner more suggestive of the Middle Ages than of the New World, they withdrew to the seclusion of the Kill Devil Sand Hill in North Carolina; how they there constructed a machine and engine; and how, unbeknown to the outer world, they actually made a flight of twenty miles with it in 1905, three years before Henry Farman performed what was thought an amazing feat by flying a circular kilometre.

There are still to be found in aviation, besides a small section of somewhat swaggering people, the picturesque figures connected with all pioneer life, full of hope and perseverance. On most of the flying-grounds you will find the workshop of the enthusiast tucked away amongst the rows of corrugated-iron sheds. There he works all day at the idol of his existence, and there he sleeps and eats under the same roof as his machine—the expression of all that is best within him—to which one day he will entrust his life. Money is not generally his goal. He works, like most pioneers, for the sake of the thing itself, gripped by the fascination of bending to the use of man the very laws of Nature which seemed most intractable. And this struggle, set in the big spaces of Eastchurch on the bleak Isle of Sheppey, or within sight of the Druid remains of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, has something impressive about it all.

At last, like a butterfly from its chrysalis, the machine emerges from her shed, ready for a trial flight. First her creator takes her rolling along the ground, then for "long hops" a few feet up, and then, as confidence grows and knowledge of her whims and tricks increases, he ventures on a turn, and

soon—if the design fulfils its author's expectations, which, alas, how often it does not!—she has qualified as a reliable aeroplane. Thenceforward she is to him an inexhaustible source of interest, for every aeroplane has a strong individuality of her own, a knowledge of which may save the pilot from many a critical situation. Every day when he takes her out he watches for some new characteristic, good or bad, like a father watching the development of his child, so that he may foster the good and endeavor to eradicate the bad, and may know just how far he can call upon her when they have to pass together through an hour of stress. And the man who achieves the most perfect harmony between his own powers and those of his machine is, other things being equal, the soundest and most successful aviator, though not always the most showy.

The year 1908 may be called the coming-of-age year of modern aviation, though it was not until March 1910 that the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom issued its first pilot's certificate. The following standing records of to-day show at a glance into what the embryonic efforts of four years ago have developed:

Lieutenant B. H. Barrington-Kennett, of the Royal Flying Corps, holds the world's record for a non-stop flight with passenger, namely 249 miles; and the record non-stop flight for an aviator unaccompanied by a passenger is 460 miles. The record altitude flight is 12,828 feet, and the speed record is 104 miles an hour over a five-kilometre course.

Things may move slowly for the next few years, and conservative persons of middle age are wont to reproach the enthusiasts who see visions into the future and persist in talking of the wonders which are going to be achieved. It has always been so with every progress in the world's history.

Some of the older men in the aeroplane business itself object to the anticipation of greater things; they too in their day saw a vision, and by their enterprise and intelligence they have helped to realize it; they cannot believe that there is anything beyond. And so it is that even in aeroplane construction—a science only a few years old—there are the conservatives living in the past, building new machines on outworn principles, in blissful confidence that the developments which have taken place subsequent to their own great efforts are faddy and useless.

But are we to believe that the ever-swelling number of men who are devoting their lives to the perfection of human flight will accept any arbitrary limitation to the scope of practical possibilities? The lessons of past experience surely justify the confidence that a problem such as the secret of soaring flight, the discovery of which in itself would represent an immense advance in aeronautics, will not long withstand the onslaught of human perseverance and scientific study, already possessed of one of the clues to its solution. Soaring flight is neither demonstrably impossible to achieve, nor a mere figment of the imagination. Nature has given us her solution in the birds; and no one has proved the problem to be insoluble by man, though observers, failing to explain it by the laws with which they are acquainted, have sometimes sought refuge in ingenious suggestions such as the existence of unknown gases generated from the air by the vibration of the bird's wings, and so forth. As Wilbur Wright tersely expressed it in one of the last letters he was destined to write, "the real problem now confronting us is to find out whether we too, like the birds—once we are in the air—can stay in it indefinitely. The bird can do it. Why shouldn't men?" And in point of fact the Brothers Wright, those supreme ex-

ponents of human flight, have, without recourse to wild theories, but by the improvement of their gliders, the study of the atmosphere, and by exquisite skill in the art of flying, succeeded in remaining in the air no less than nine minutes at a time on a machine without an engine.

There has been nothing more remarkable in the short history of aviation than the development of the human element. "Motive power and force," wrote Otto Lillenthal, "are numerically limited, but not so skill. With 'force' we are, sooner or later, confronted by permanent impossibilities, but the progress of our skill can only be temporarily checked by difficulties." Airmanship, like watermanship in rowing, is generally a matter of practice and experience under all kinds of conditions; some special men have born in them the unanalyzable qualities the interweaving of which produce good watermanship, or good airmanship, while others only acquire them by constant practice; and just as a good waterman can "sit" a boat in rough water, so can a good airman negotiate rough air. He becomes infinitely sensitive to every movement of his craft; by the slightest movement of the lever or turn of the rudder he steadies her as she is caught by a puff of wind—so quickly that he seems almost to see it before it is upon him, as the sailor sees the ruffle on the water. He can judge by the pressure of the air on his face and the buoyancy of his machine whether she is maintaining the speed required to support her, and he thus gauges to a nicety the smallest angle at which he may safely glide to earth when his engine falls or is cut off; and he knows how steeply he can "bank" her over as he takes a sharp turn. He gets the feel of his machine in a high degree, it becomes in fact part of himself, and the combination of movements required to keep her stable becomes as

instinctive as those which enable one to stand on one toe or to balance a walking-stick on the finger. It is impossible to say how far this skill may be developed. Men who have flown for some time do acquire an immense superiority over those who have not; yet it is only four years ago that flying was first taken up at all widely, so that experience has had no great opportunity up to the present of showing the degree of skill which it can confer. There is reason to suppose that the youths who are learning to fly to-day will grow up as immensely superior to the adult who has been flying for the past few months, as the rowing man tutored on the Thames at Eton is superior to the man who only takes to the river when he reaches the University.

Then there are the machine and the engine, both of them susceptible of great improvement. In the design of the machine it was until recently the practical man who reigned supreme; now the theorist is stepping in to cull the lessons which the experience of the practical man has taught, and to marshal into laws the aggregation of facts which have been compiled therefrom. It is easier to learn to fly than to learn the theory of flight, and so it is that more and more the aviator pure and simple is slipping into the position of a chauffeur while the big prizes of the industry go to the designer, who sits safely in his drawing office with his slide rule and blue prints, applying the proven laws, and the results of his experiments with models in a wind-tunnel or on a whirling-table. We have already reached the stage where, in the unvarnished language of the flying-ground, the life of a Gnome engine is more valuable than that of a pilot.

What is required now is that the aeroplane should become a practical means of locomotion. It is already an essential weapon of warfare, as it proved last autumn by contributing to

the maintenance of peace, if report be true that the well-known efficiency of the "Fifth Arm" of the French Army considerably modified the attitude of Germany; and such firms as Vickers and the Coventry Ordnance Works have recognized this by taking up aeroplane construction. Soon the aeroplane will be valuable for other purposes also, and then the real rush of development will begin. It is by its speed, and by its superiority to obstacles which are insuperable to terrestrial locomotion, that it will first win its place among the practical means of transport. A speed of 100 miles an hour has been attained at this early stage of development, and before the year is out still better performances may be expected. It is easy to imagine circumstances in which a machine which moves at, say, 150 miles an hour and goes direct as the crow flies, would be invaluable, and the risk—every day less—a secondary matter. Will the anxious friend striving to reach a sick man in time refuse to take the risk of using an aeroplane? Will the keen business man, to whom time is money, long refuse the possibility of rapid locomotion? (And remember that the journey from London to Paris was accomplished some weeks ago in just over three hours!) Will the explorer remain indifferent to such an astounding addition to his equipment, a machine which will cover great distances at great speed regardless of obstacles and will vastly extend the limit of his horizon?

The great drawback to the advance of aviation in England has undoubtedly been the cost. Individualistic to the last, England has left to private persons the development of the science, whilst Protectionist France has built up a flourishing industry by means of Government support and Government orders. True, the cost of learning is comparatively small. The pupil can

be qualified for his pilot's certificate at any school for £75, which covers insurance against breakages and third party risks, as well as tuition. But once he is a pilot—and tuition if the weather be favorable is a matter of not more than three weeks—the real difficulty of expense begins. An ordinary aeroplane costs anything from £500 to £1000, and the use of an aerodrome, the cost of housing, petrol, oil, repairs and mechanic's salary, apart from the possible total loss of the machine, are formidable items. The best pilots may cover expenses and more, by winning prizes and giving demonstrations, but this is necessarily reserved for the few, and, moreover, as the number of pilots and the facility of flying increases prizes and fees grow smaller. No doubt economics will be rapidly introduced; machines and engines will fall in price as competition and output increases, the unrivalled Gnome engine will find others seeking "a place in the sun," improvements will reduce running costs, machines will be designed with folding planes to facilitate housing, landing gears—a fruitful source of breakage—will be improved, aerodromes will become more numerous. In the meanwhile, flying, as a private diversion, has been restricted to men of means.

But now at last the civilian with a splendor purse may find his opportunity
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in the Royal Flying Corps. When this organization is complete—and it seems that progress is rapidly being made—there will be room in the Reserve for a considerable number of civilians, who, by undertaking to serve in time of war and putting in a moderate amount of flying every quarter will be allowed to make use of Government machines, or as the cynic would no doubt say, will be able to break their necks at the Government's expense.

In comparing French progress with our own there is just this to be remembered. French aviators enjoy two great advantages: they have steadier winds in France (an important consideration in aviation), and a more open country for cross-country flights; they have, too, a far larger standing army than we have, and therefore need a far bigger aviation service. Nevertheless it is well to recognize the truth, that we start with a big leeway to make up. We are well on the road at last, we have a number of first-rate pilots, and a number of first-rate designers, and some wealthy firms and individuals are interested in the business. If the general public will at last recognize that flying has come to stay, and that aviators are not necessarily suicidal maniacs, they will be doing much to advance the position of their country in this branch of science.

S. P. Cockerell.

THE LADY OF THE CANARIES.

III.

For the next fortnight I saw nothing of her. Marietta gave me a room at the top of the house, and Miss Fane was able to exercise an undisputed sovereignty over the balcony on the first floor. Occasionally, when I peered from my lofty eyrie very early in the morning, I was granted a vision of her

as she paced—always in a new and ultra-fashionable dress—to and fro along the Zattere. I beg the reader to believe that I did not incite Marietta to gossip, but Marco informed me gratuitously that the English signorina never left the house except on these occasions, and that no one came to visit her. About the tenth of October I

went for a week to see the Glotto frescoes at Padua, and drifted on to Mantua and Cremona,—two ancient towns which I had formerly omitted to visit. When I returned to the Cà Loredan I found that Miss Fane was still there. I did not rejoice at the discovery, for I had been almost certain that by this time she would have grown weary of Venice and taken herself and her problem off to Tooting or Balham. In the course of a conversation with Marietta, who welcomed me with effusion, I happened to allude to the continued sojourn of Miss Fane, calling her as usual by the title of honor which had been bestowed on her before she arrived. Marietta—much to my amazement, for she was the most tolerant of *padrone*—made a face, shrugged her voluminous shoulders, and retorted briefly that Miss Fane was quite the opposite of a *Lordessa*. I changed the subject, and could only conclude that my countrywoman had been giving her hostess a hint of her true nature.

My relations with Miss Fane, or rather my non-relations, continued for some days exactly as they had been before I went to Padua. I met her once on the stairs, but she took no notice of me; it occurred to me then that she looked gloomy. Yet, if this was the case, her melancholy found no expression in her toilette, which grew daily more elaborate; on the occasion when I met her she was wearing a white dress of some wonderful soft material and a huge crimson hat with a black bird, like Marco's crow but greatly rejuvenated, impaled on its crown. Her one redeeming point, I decided, was that she managed to combine her evident passion for finery with a disdain for showing it off before the crowd in a popular hotel. A woman who dressed as she did was certainly under no obligation to live on the Zattere for cheapness' sake, and the fact that she remained there at least

argued a lack of one kind of vulgarity.

The weather continued to be perfect, though shortening days and chilly nights heralded the coming of November. One afternoon I was making my way to the Accademia when I met Pearse, the painter, in the Rioterra Sant' Agnese. Pearse is an artist of great originality and merit, and his remarks on pictures are always illuminating. I tried to persuade him to come with me to the gallery, but he was in a wilful mood, lured me into a gondola, and insisted on my going with him to a ridiculous cinematograph show near the Public Gardens. After we had gazed for some time at extraordinarily swift and deadly scenes of robbery and murder, and (I blush to narrate) at still more extraordinary revelations of domestic impropriety, we emerged from the satiated atmosphere of the little theatre, drank grenadine and seltzer at the *café* next door, and went to the gardens to watch the sunset. A band was playing, and there was a large throng of people moving to and fro. We sat for some time smoking and staring idly; Pearse, who had a supreme contempt for the feminine fashion of the moment, drew little caricatures on the backs of envelopes whenever some of its more outrageous examples happened to pass before us.

I had wearied of the fashions and was gazing across the lagoon when I heard Pearse utter an exclamation. "Here comes the flaunting extravagant queen," he said; "I often see her on the Zattere, of all places in the world. She's the worst of all of them—speaking strictly artistically. Really, she's as good as gold. That's what makes her so pathetic."

I looked round, and saw that he was gazing at a girl who was advancing towards us. I cannot describe her costume in detail; it is sufficient to say that she wore a bright pink dress covered with a long silken scarf that was

glittering with sequins and golden thread; her hat and parasol matched the dress, and in the former a cluster of immense artificial crimson roses bloomed fiercely. She was by far the most conspicuous figure in that bright assembly, and every one turned to regard her—some with smiles which I did not like. She walked with an ungraceful irregular gait, as if the heels of her shoes were unwontedly high, and she looked dismally self-conscious. Some moments before she reached us I had recognized her as Miss Fane.

When she passed the chairs where we sat, she looked at us—she seemed to be looking at every one, and then to avert her eyes ostentatiously as soon as she encountered the gaze of a stranger—she looked at us with a funny sidelong glance, recognized me, and then, to my extreme amazement, bowed stiffly. We took off our hats, and I began to rise from my chair; she paused for a moment, then turned her head away awkwardly, and continued her much-criticized progress along the path. Pearse began to apologize to me.

"I hadn't a notion that you knew her," he said. "Who is she? She's always about alone in the early mornings when I go off to paint. I've never seen her at any other time until to-day."

I explained, and gave him an outline of the enigmatic existence of the Lordessa. He was interested. "It's devilish odd!" he exclaimed. "I wonder why on earth she wears those clothes. If she dressed very simply she'd be pretty, in an insignificant sort of way. As it is, she looks like a portrait by —, R.A., of a provincial mayor's daughter rigged out to receive Royalty. Look at those *vastas* laughing at her! It would delight my soul to kick them."

I restrained Pearse from this rash though righteous act, and gave him my reasons for believing that Miss Fane

was perfectly capable of taking care of herself. He listened to me attentively, and when I had finished speaking he said: "She may have snubbed you then, but she wanted to speak to you to-day. If I hadn't been here she would have spoken. She's in some trouble, I'm certain. I saw her face when she looked at you. If she comes back and finds you alone, she'll speak. I'm going."

And he went. I remained on my chair by the side of the path. In the distance I could still see the pink parasol drifting like a huge flower through the crowd in the direction of the Punta della Motta. It vanished for a few moments, then it reappeared and was stationary for some time; at last it began to move slowly towards me. The sun was about to set, and the throng in the gardens was thinning rapidly.

After all, when she had reached the place where I sat I thought that she was going to pass me without repeating her sign of recognition. She had, indeed, actually gone a few steps beyond me, and then she turned, almost as if against her will, and came back. I rose and murmured some commonplace remarks about the sunset.

She did not answer, but sat down stiffly on the chair which Pearse had left, closed her parasol, and began to twist its silken tassel with nervous fingers. Now that she was near I was able to see that her face was pinched and haggard, so that her fine clothes seemed more inappropriate than ever. I sat down by her side and waited for her to speak.

She opened her lips several times, but no words came. I had been right, when I saw her on the balcony, in concluding that she was young; she was certainly not more than twenty-five, and in spite of her elaborate clothes she looked just like a tired child. She faltered an apology for troubling me with her private affairs, and then her

mouth began to tremble and I was assailed with a fear that she would break down altogether. But she managed to control herself, and when at last she spoke again her voice was calm.

"I know nobody in Venice," she said. "I thought that perhaps you might be able to tell me the name of a good jeweller."

She paused, and looked at me doubtfully with her strange pale eyes. I was somewhat amazed by her demand. Mechanically I glanced at her hands and saw that she was wearing several rings which appeared to be of considerable value. A diamond and pearl pendant, too, which hung from her throat, was certainly worth money. I told her that I could give her the address of several jewellers in the Piazza San Marco, and added that if she went alone to them she would have, vulgarly speaking, to pay through the nose.

She averted her eyes from mine and, leaning forward, began to draw patterns in the gravel with her parasol. "That's not what I meant," she said in a low voice; "I have some jewels which I want to get rid of."

"If you'll take my poor advice," I responded, "you won't get rid of them in Venice,—that is, if you wish to sell them outright. Of course, if you want to exchange modern jewellery for old you may be able to make a fair bargain, provided always that you have some one with you who speaks Italian and knows a few of the tricks of the trade. But you've come to one of the worst places in the world for the other business."

She gazed at me forlornly.

"But I should get *something* for them?" she asked.

I decided inwardly that the Lordessa was a rich and silly young person who had suddenly grown tired of her stock of trinkets and would make any sacrifice to replace them. "Oh, yes! you

would get *something*!" I echoed cheerfully.

She prodded the path with her parasol. Then she looked at me, and again her mouth quivered. "You don't understand!" she said. A flood of crimson swept over her face. "I *must* sell them!" She gasped out the words, and suddenly the tears coursed down her cheeks. She dabbed at them feverishly with a tiny embroidered handkerchief and sniffed loudly. A light dawned in my perplexed soul: I remembered the ever-recurring boiled eggs; I remembered the odd change in Marietta's attitude towards her guest, and I felt a hearty twinge of contempt for my own superficial assumptions. I hesitated for a moment, and I suppose the poor Lordessa thought that I was unsympathetic, for she sniffed again, quite fiercely, and remarked that it was stupid of her to have troubled a perfect stranger with her private affairs.

I tried to reassure her by speaking gaily. "I'm not a perfect stranger," I said, "nor, indeed, a stranger at all. We have met, we inhabit the same luxurious abode, and therefore I have a kind of right to ask you a rather impertinent question. Are you really alone in Venice without money and friends?"

She nodded, without looking at me. "Absolutely," she answered in a dull voice.

"But you are expecting some money which hasn't arrived?" I demanded. She shook her head without speaking. I stared blankly at the roses in her magnificent Parisian hat and wondered if I was dreaming. She continued to excavate gravel. More tears began to roll down her cheeks, and this made me decide to treat the affair as one of the slightest consequence. If she broke down altogether the situation would be ghastly.

"And how long has this ridiculous state of things been going on?" I asked.

"Three weeks," she answered. "I

spent the last money I had exactly three weeks yesterday." She turned to me with a feeble flare of resentment. "I'm glad you think it ridiculous," she murmured, with a gulp at the last word. Poor Lordessa!

"Of course it's ridiculous!" I cried. "Here were you, an Englishwoman, staying in the same house with an Englishman who, as you could easily see, was a thoroughly respectable, dull, ordinary person, and rather than breathe a word to him you went on worrying about this silly business! Thank goodness you've had the sense to come to me at last! You must be hugely tired of hard-boiled eggs." My method was fairly rough, and again she seemed a little resentful.

"I wouldn't have come," she answered, "but this afternoon the landlady flew into a rage. I couldn't understand what she said, but she was awfully angry, and waved her arms as if she was going to murder me. Her husband quieted her, and I came out to try and find a jeweller's. But I couldn't find any shop that looked respectable, and then I wandered on here and saw you and your friend."

She gasped hysterically, but her tears had ceased, and very soon she became less agitated. To give her time I began to talk learnedly of the Venetian jewellers, and she punctuated my remarks at intervals with Oh yes-es and I see-s. But she was not listening; I knew from her expression that she was beginning to enjoy the bewildering luxury of having disburdened herself of some part of her secret trouble. When I ceased to speak she looked at me with an oddly ambiguous air.

"Of course, I should hate to sell any of them," she said, almost peevishly.

"Then you shan't," I asserted stoutly. But inwardly I wondered how the sale could be long postponed unless she was prepared to let me pay at once for her journey back to England. The sit-

uation was becoming peculiar, for I had hardly any money left, and the mere act of contemplating the Lordessa revealed, in some mysterious way, that she was one of those people who, if they trusted in you, would lean on your sympathy with all their weight. Responsibility was hateful to her, and she had found an opportunity of shifting its burden.

"Would you mind telling me," I asked presently, "why you came to Venice with so little money? Or did you lose your purse?"

She shook her head. "I started from England with all my savings," she said; "I was a governess for several years." A distinct note of pride came into her voice. "I was with Sir Thomas Loane Baronet's family," she continued; "I expect you have heard of him."

"And you grew tired of Sir Thomas Loane and his family, and yearned to see Venice?" I suggested.

"No," she answered. "On the contrary, we were all most intimate. But I had special reasons for coming here."

"Ah!" I murmured sympathetically. I waited for her to speak, but she seemed to hesitate. "What I can't understand," I said, "is how you were relieved of your savings during your journey. You can't have spent them in Venice. Please don't think me impertinent; I can't help concluding that some one has swindled you."

She looked offended. "I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she said. "I kept enough for my journey and a little over, and I spent all the rest of it in Paris."

I gazed at her with wide eyes.

"In Paris?" I echoed.

"Yes," she said snappishly. "In Paris, on clothes, and hats, and jewellery. I didn't speak French very well, so I suppose I was swindled, as you call it. But I didn't care. I had plenty."

Decidedly the Lordessa grew more and more mysterious. A governess who left the happy home of Sir Thomas Loane, Baronet, to squander all her savings on ultra-fashionable garments and pearl and diamond pendants in Paris, and subsequently whirled off to flaunt her new splendor in Venice with scarcely a penny in her pocket!—it was the most curious specimen of feminine aberration that I had as yet been privileged to encounter. There seemed to me only one possible explanation of her conduct.

"Did you think," I asked, "that as soon as you reached Venice you would find a situation—a position, I mean, as governess? Did you come out here on that account?"

"No," she answered once more. "I shall never be a governess again," she added. I stared at her, completely bewildered. Was she mad, or was I wildly mistaken in her, and did she know it, and enjoy leading me on? I gazed searchingly at her face; she looked quite incapable of high emotions; under more normal conditions she would be, I suspected, shallow and a trifle silly, but she was certainly not guileful. As I looked at her she blushed deeply, turned away her head, and made a queer sound in her throat.

"I may as well tell you everything," she said. "I was coming out to meet somebody."

"Ah!" I cried, illuminated at last. "A friend?"

"Yes," she said. "The gentleman that I am engaged to." And then she broke down and began to sob. By good luck the gardens were almost deserted. I felt sick at heart. So this was her secret, and the inappropriate finery was her trousseau! It seemed a pretty miserable business. I let her cry for a little time, and then I implored her to make an effort towards self-control. Soon her sobs grew less violent, and she turned a tear-stained face towards

me. Her eyes were red, her hair was dishevelled, and her monstrous hat was tilted at a most unbecoming angle. Altogether she was a spectacle that would have awakened the pity of the most stony-hearted of mankind.

"An did he—your *fiancé*," I asked, "arrange to meet you when you arrived in Venice?"

She nodded forlornly and her lips quivered. "Yes," she answered, "he gave me the name of the place where we are staying, and said he would meet me at the station. We were to be married at once. He couldn't come to England because he is very busy, and his relations didn't want him—wanted him to marry someone else." She sniffed loudly when she mentioned the relations.

"And he never met you, and you don't know where he is?" I cried.

"No, he never met me," she answered. "He is at Trieste. He's in business there—a very good position—in a shipping firm."

Thus, gradually, the whole affair was revealed. It seemed that her betrothed—whom at first she called Mr. Arden, but afterwards Lewis—had failed in his duty owing to a strict attention to business in Trieste. When the Lordessa arrived in Venice she found a letter from him which announced that he was prevented by a temporary complication in the shipping trade from joining her immediately, but that he would arrive in the following week. Miss Fane wrote at once, offering to meet him at Trieste, but he ignored this suggestion, and she did not dare to set out for that port, being afraid that before she arrived there he would have started for Venice. Ten days later another letter had come from him reporting further complications in the shipping trade. By this time the poor lady had spend her last soldo and was living on credit at the Cà Loredan,—a state of affairs which she did not dis-

close to Mr. Arden, being anxious, as she informed me, to conceal from him that she had spent all her money in Paris because she wanted to surprise him with her frocks and finery. In the course of her revelations I obtained some sight into the temperament of that mysterious person: he had, it seemed, been irritated by the sobriety of her clothes when he had known her in England, hence her amazing self-surrender to the highest excesses of fashion. Other remarks that she made led me to conclude that he was probably a bad-tempered, domineering brute, and that she was mortally afraid of him, though she was still immensely in love. That he was in the latter condition also I found it difficult to believe: a lover who had sworn to meet his bride in Venice would have fulfilled his promise even if the shipping trade of the whole universe was in danger of everlasting collapse.

When she had finished her story the sun had set, and a cool breeze was blowing across the lagoon. I took her back to the Zattere in a gondola; she had regained calmness, and actually displayed some interest in the buildings which we passed, asking me to tell her which of them was the Doge's palace. I managed to let her know that I would settle affairs with Marietta, and asked her to accept a small loan that would meet her current expenses. "Of course," I said, "you will be all right in a week."

"Oh! of course," she answered almost brusquely. But I saw an expression of doubt invade her face. In any other circumstances I should have been amused by the fact that she uttered no word of thanks.

IV.

I spent the next ten days, much to Marietta's amusement, in taking the Lordessa for voyages in gondolas, and

in trying to please her with the finest works of art and architecture that Venice has to show. These excursions, except that they kept her from brooding, were not wholly a success, for Miss Fane, I very soon discovered, had no eye for the beautiful, disliked novelty and strangeness of any kind, and was always thinking about the smell that haunted some ancient palace or divinely picturesque *rio*. Her mind was pre-eminently fussy; in spite of her trouble, the question as to whether she should carry an umbrella or a parasol agitated her wonderfully every morning; she took no interest in the Venetian populace, but was eager to know the names and probable wealth of the English and Americans who had rented palaces on the Grand Canal. She actually preferred steamboats to gondolas; the latter, she said, were queer and made you feel as if you were part of a funeral, but the steamboats might have been in England. She compared everything with its English equivalent, and found that all manifestations of Venetian life were slovenly and unbusinesslike. When I took her to the Accademia the only pictures that interested her were portraits in which she could trace some resemblance to people whom she had known at home.

Browning once said that a *post-mortem* would reveal the name of Italy engraved on his heart. On mine, if a similar operation be performed, will be found the word Venezia. I hope I am not utterly intolerant: I am bound to admit that the Lordessa's perpetual blindness to the charm and splendor of my best-beloved city ended by exasperating me intensely. But nevertheless I continued doggedly to whirl her round churches and palaces; I even took her to Torcello, which she thought dirty (St. Mark's Church had been merely damp), and to Murano, and—*la dernière auberge!*—to the cemetery, where she admired some of the most

unpleasing modern sculpture. Meanwhile Mr. Lewis Arden gave no hint of his continued existence, funds ran low, and my work in London waited for me in vain.

One morning, as we were returning down the Grand Canal from a visit to the Giardini Papadopoli, a woman in a gondola that was passing our own bowed, smiled, and asked me to come to see her at an address which she indicated by pointing to a small palace near the Rialto. I recognized Mrs. Perivale, one of the most amusing and kind of my Venetian acquaintances, and resolved to take advantage of the invitation as soon as possible. Much to my surprise, the Lordessa, as soon as we were out of earshot, told me that she knew my friend's name. "I met her several times in England," she explained, "at Sir Thomas Loane's. She is a cousin of his." She paused for a moment, then said slowly, "She knows Lewis."

This information interested me. Mrs. Perivale was the most sympathetic woman in the world, and it seemed to me that the Lordessa was sadly in need of female company and counsel.

"You ought to go and see her," I said. "She's a charming person and would be delighted if she could help you. Do go! She's not a gossip."

But the Lordessa had assumed a peevish expression with which I was by this time only too familiar. "Oh! nothing would induce me," she replied curtly. "I couldn't bear another woman prowling round my private affairs. Besides, she would remember that I was the governess, and patronize me. Now that I'm independent I don't intend to be patronized ever again." I said nothing, but inwardly groaned over her ill-timed pride. Next afternoon I went to call on Mrs. Perivale.

I found her at home and alone. She gave me tea in a long cool room that was panelled with dark wood and

bright with flowers and cretonnes. She had admirable taste, and had collected many beautiful pictures and bronzes; several of these adorned the room, and I observed that the work of the late Perivale, who was an R.A., and died rich, was not represented on her walls. She seemed pleased to see me, but I had not been with her more than five minutes before I realized that she was contemplating me with secret amusement. Her friends accuse her of possessing a *nez railleur*. I knew her well enough to have no scruples about demanding the reason of her suppressed mirth.

She smiled, elevated her gold lorgnette, and inspected me carefully through it.

"May I ask you a very impertinent question?" she said.

I intimated permission. She waved the lorgnette and leant forward. "Do you really find her amusing?" she asked.

"Her?" I echoed foolishly. She nodded. "You know whom I mean," she said. "Erica Fane."

"Ah! you saw her?" I cried.

"I recognized her at once, though she has certainly altered. When I knew her she was evidently in the chrysalis, but now—! I often met her at the Loanes' place in Surrey. She didn't seem to remember me."

"Oh, she remembered you," I murmured.

"Quite so," she retorted. "I said 'didn't seem.' And now you go about together everywhere, looking as gloomy—as gloomy as two prisoners fettered wrist to wrist! To a student of human nature you present a most enthralling problem."

"We are not engaged to be married," I said.

"Then I am more in the dark than ever," said Mrs. Perivale, "for if I had been invited to choose from all the world two people who had absolutely

nothing in common, I should without hesitation have selected you and Erica Fane. You may take it as a compliment if you like."

I meditated a moment, and then asked her if she knew anything of Mr. Lewis Arden. Her expression changed at once; she looked at me searchingly and nodded.

"I know a very great deal about Lewis Arden," she said; "and I hope he's not a friend of yours, for I don't like him at all. But what has he to do with Erica Fane?"

"He is engaged to her," I said.

"Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Perivale. "Then why——?" she left the sentence unfinished, mused for a little while, then said, "His people won't rejoice, I think. Is he in Venice?"

"No," I answered, "he isn't, and he ought to be." And then, knowing that she was the kindest person in the world, I threw caution to the winds and told her the whole story. She listened in silence until I had finished, asking no questions, and when at last she spoke, it was plain that she felt nothing but pity for the poor Lordessa. We had a long and serious discussion, and at the end of it she made some scathing comments on the moral turpitude of Lewis Arden. "I know him well," she said. "He means to keep her here kicking her heels until she's tired of it and goes back to England. He doesn't mean to come!"

For the honor of my sex I protested against this conclusion. She silenced me with a stern forefinger.

"He doesn't mean to come," she reiterated. "But he shall!" she added. Her mouth set in a line of tremendous decision.

"Unless we go to Trieste and kidnap him in a sack, I don't see how it's to be done," I said forlornly.

Mrs. Perivale smiled.

"You leave it to me," she said. "He will come. If it's wrong to interfere

in other people's affairs, I am going to be a criminal. I'll produce that young man in Venice before the week's out; if I don't, I give you free leave to throw all my bronzes into the Grand Canal." She rose, crossed the room, and opened a fine old *écritoire*. "The decks are cleared for action," she said. "You're a non-combatant; you must go away. Come and see me again very soon, and try to persuade that poor thing to come with you. And do, for goodness' sake, tell her to wear respectable clothes. She'll shock my servants."

She dismissed me with a smile which showed that she had already almost forgotten my existence. I went back to the Zattere, thanking Heaven for all thoroughly capable, kind, and unscrupulous women, and neglected to inform the Lordessa that I had visited one of them.

What terrible and secret machinery of intrigue was set in motion that evening by Mrs. Perivale I do not know; she would never make any communication to me on the subject, and I learnt nothing from other sources. Possibly she did nothing but write a piteous letter of entreaty. At any rate, whatever her method, the result was completely successful. Two days later the Lordessa met me on the stairs of the Cà Loredan. Her eyes were so radiant that for a moment I did not recognize her. She waved a telegram wildly.

"He's coming to-morrow!" she cried. "Lewis is coming! I've just had this! Of course I knew he would all the time!"

The last words betrayed how great a fear had haunted her, and I felt that Lewis certainly didn't deserve the enthusiastic welcome which he would doubtless receive.

"Enfin!" I growled.

She turned on me like an angry little cat.

"Oh, you never believed in him!" she cried, and she marched away upstairs with her ridiculous nose in the air. She was not dignified, for her skirt was inordinately tight. I watched her as

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she went, thinking that the scene formed an absurd end to an absurd episode. For the blessed fact that it *was* the end I felt deeply thankful. She had never liked me.

St. John Lucas.

(To be concluded.)

HOLIDAYS AND CONSCIENCE.

The great drawback to a life of leisure is that the true holiday is almost impossible in it; and the chief disadvantage of being one's own master is that one hardly ever knows the joys of freedom. For such a man there is practically no escape from servitude or from the eye of the master, who in this case is his own conscience. And perhaps the supreme defect of the literary man's life is that he hardly ever has a real holiday. I do not speak of the writer whose pen is hired or devoted to the service of some special interest, for his subject is always there waiting for him, and he may go away and forget about it, and return to deal with whatever it may provide. But the writer pure and simple, the writer by nature, that is to say, is in quite a different case. His mind is a mill which is always working; life and experience of every kind are the material with which it works; and so long as he lives the curious process of manufacturing literature out of life is going on. It is not, as the layman fondly thinks, that he is always on the lookout for "copy" and "local color," which are mere commercial nicknames applied by outsiders to parts of the fabric which he is always weaving. It is quite automatically, and without any special exercise of will, that he looks upon life and experience almost entirely as they affect his occupation as a writer. But like a peasant in a remote country whose fire must be kept

up by fuel gathered wherever it may be found, who dare not pass a dry stick on the roadside without picking it up, the writer dare not, or rather cannot, abstain from gathering and storing the odds and ends of experience that lie in his path. His storehouse may be full and overflowing now; but a day may come when for some reason he is prevented from frequenting the highways of life, and when he must live on his store. So, although he may sometimes have a rest, he hardly ever has a holiday.

The only true spirit in which to start on a holiday is the spirit of release from bondage. The free man of means and leisure who suddenly says, "I will go on my yacht to the Mediterranean," or, "I will go to Norway and fish," does not know what a holiday is. He may enjoy sport, he may enjoy travel, he may delight in looking on strange and beautiful scenes; but he is not having a holiday. No mere volition is strong enough to carry one into that region, but only some powerful influence akin to that of the release of a catapult, the sudden removal of restraints, can shoot you into that realm of absolute freedom. And, on the whole, I am glad that it is so, for it means that holidays are reserved for people who need them most. The clerk who sits for eleven months on a stool in the bondage of an office, surrounded by the musty sights and smells of ledgers and invoice books; the Cabinet

Minister who for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four has no minute in which he may do merely what he wants to do; the school teacher, the typist, the hard-worked parson, the servant and slave everywhere, slave either of great causes or little people, know, when the day comes on which they can look forward to a clear fortnight or month of freedom, the true joys of a holiday. And hardly anyone else, except children at school, knows anything about it at all.

It is not where you go that matters to the reality of a holiday; it is not even what you take with you in the way of financial or other equipment for amusement; it is what you leave behind. You must leave care behind; whatever the burden you carry, it must be rolled off your back before you set out; otherwise there is no holiday. And it is often not until a good half of life has been passed, and many holidays wasted, that one learns to give some little attention to this business of loosening the burden, and realizes that if care is not to accompany you, some considerable effort of will must be exercised to detach the cords that bind you to it, and see that it is secured from following you; for care is a dog that has a wonderful instinct for travel, and, although you may think you have left him safely chained up at home, he may suddenly turn up beside you in most distant and inaccessible places. And I think that one of the things that make real holidays so charming and beneficial is that people do exercise their will beforehand, and make, if only once in the year, a resolution to enjoy themselves as much as possible for a fortnight or a month. True, they might do this at almost any time and without going away; but the simple fact is that they do not. Ritual helps us in everything; and it is a fact that the business of packing trunks or looking at timetables, negotiating with

agents and landlords, catching trains, making uncomfortable journeys, spending considerable sums of money, being cut off for a time from most of the things on which they believe themselves to be dependent, are all of very real assistance to people in their annual determination to enjoy themselves.

When I was a child I used to have real holidays three times a year. A little later there was at least one holiday time in the year for me; but since, after many experiments, I decided that the control of my life must be wholly in my own hands and no one's else, I have hardly had a holiday at all. And this is a thing which anyone looking at the merely external facts of my existence would hardly believe. I have been half over the world in the most delightful places, in the most agreeable and fortunate circumstances, in the pleasantest company; and I have not had a holiday. I have gone away for three months and escaped from an English winter to live in one of the most beautiful tropical islands of the world, and done not one stroke of work in that time; and yet it was not a holiday, and, simply from that point of view, not to be compared with a 'bus conductor's week at Southend. I have stayed in beautiful places with nothing to do but what I chose to do; and people have envied me and said, "What a wonderful time you must have had; and how well and fit you must feel, and how ready for work after your holiday." And the real fact has been that I have been worn out, and seriously in need of a week's real holiday. All this, I admit, is largely due to bad management. If I had said to myself "I will go away for three months to the Tropics and take a real holiday and do nothing at all," it would have done me a world of good and set me up for years. But I dared not say such a thing; I could not afford to take a holi-

day for three months; and every day I said to myself "To-morrow I will set to work"; but I did not. Every day, seeing and experiencing something new, and finding myself on the verge of unexplored worlds, my mental machinery was working double time and packing and storing away all the new experiences which I was meeting. And at the end of the time, although I had written nothing, I was tired out with packing and storing, and had come away with a mental freight various and wonderful indeed, but quite useless to me until the hour should strike when I should need it, when it would matter greatly to my work that I knew all those things instead of being ignorant of them.

This, of course, is a disease. If I were to live to be two hundred I could never fully exhaust half the experiences which I have acquired. I am like a man who should begin to erect a factory on twenty acres of ground, and who should reserve a quarter of an acre for the erection of a little fifty horsepower engine, and devote the remaining nineteen and three-quarters acres to storing coal to run it with, and then, when he had any spare time, go out and gather sticks by the roadside in case his fuel should run short. I attribute the disease almost entirely to Puritan ancestry and the possession of a conscience. If I am really enjoying myself and forgetting everything but the fact of enjoyment, some chill and ghostly voice from the past tells me that there must be something wrong if I am enjoying myself so much, and that so much delight cannot be a really good thing. If I am sitting on a bank looking at a river, or experiencing idle contentment in any other perfectly natural and harmless way, my conscience awakes and says "Why should you not be working? If you were to sit down now and write something you would get money for it; and you

know that you ought to get money, and that if you do not get money and go on getting it and never cease from getting it as long as you live, you will starve or, what would be worse, go about shabbily dressed, so that your friends, fearing that you may be in need of some assistance, will avoid your eye." This is quite true; I really feel like that, and I resent it most bitterly. I can, and sometimes do, work very hard, work at very high pressure and put a great deal of vitality, of my measurable and finite quantity of life, into what I have to do; and I resent very much that my conscience gives me no credit for this, but occupies the time after the work is done, when I should be relaxing and enjoying myself, in nagging at me with the question: "Well, what are you going to do next, and when are you going to begin?" And sometimes when all other forms of torment have failed, my conscience (which does not like holidays, but refuses to remain behind when I try to take them) will suddenly say "Well, why aren't you enjoying yourself? This is a holiday, you know; you can't always have holidays; why aren't you making the most of it and being merry and bright?"

I suppose the only way in which I could enjoy a holiday would be, first, that I could be sure of the companionship I most cared for; second, that not only should all my expenses be paid, but that I should actually be paid so much per day for taking a holiday, so that I could feel that I was earning money by enjoying myself; and thirdly, that I should be guaranteed at the end of the holiday a return to a life of honorable toil, and be free from want for the rest of my days. Otherwise, when I am sitting in the sun outside the workhouse at the age of seventy-six, waiting for the visitors to bring me tobacco, there would be an opening for my conscience to say "Ah, if you had

not taken that holiday, and wasted your time and money, you would not be here now."

But I have not yet entirely given up
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the hope of so flouting and trampling upon my conscience that I shall one day be able to have a real holiday.

Filson Young.

THE TYPHOID FLY.

Someone writing lately to a Nature paper on the subject of the fly in winter said that there had been a solitary fly that inhabited his living-room long after the others had vanished. It was christened "Willie" by the family, and when they removed to another room, "Willie" shortly followed them at about Candlemas. A second move proved too much for the faithful fly, which was found dead some time after. Now, if "Willie" was a house-fly, as most probably he was, his right name, according to the Americans who have been "swatting" the fly for some years, was typhoid fly. He carried about his person as many noxious germs and as variously assorted as baby has on the whole sole of her shoe. Born in filth, paddling by turns in our food and our garbage, dirty in his methods of feeding, incontinent as to his crop, "Willie" may have been the author of ten thousand "specks" in the living-room of his friends, and of literally millions of foot-prints, each swarming with bacteria. Verily, to those who take bacteria seriously enough, the entertainment of "Willie" would be far more perilous than the befriending of that "little vulgar boy" who made away with his benefactor's spoons at Margate.

Still worse, it may not have been a Willie at all, but a *Wilhelmina*. If she had survived till April, she might have become the mother of two hundred flies, each of them in May the mother of another two hundred, and so on till September, the generations increasing in speed as the sun gained power. Giv-

ing but sixty female offspring to each female fly, and allowing eleven generations, *Wilhelmina* is the potential ancestor in a single summer of ninety-three thousand million disseminators of the worst diseases that man is so careless as to leave about. We are not told by the "Swat-the-Fly League" what would happen to the dirty corners if no flies bred in them, nor how far the microbes would be successful in travelling without the aid of the "typhoid fly." The destruction of a fly of the last generation would but rob the army of a unit, whereas the timely putting away of the matriarch would stop the whole plague. Ah, the criminal folly of those who suffer the weary Willies (who may not be Willies, but deadlier ones of the tribe) to wander at will and hibernate in peace!

It must be noted that the production of this horde of autumn pests demands two things, the fly and the occasion. Unless we supply the untidy place for them to breed in, they cannot multiply, and it is obvious that all the "swatting" in the world and all the fly-traps in the world are of little use by comparison with a raid on their source of supply. In all sorts of odd corners—under a rotting sack, in a pile of weeds, and in accumulations of dust, for which no definite origin can be stated, the offspring of a few stray flies may be living, but in hotbeds and manure heaps, especially from stables, the great army congregates. They are doing beneficent work there, for their feeding breaks down the manure for its final purpose as a fertilizer of plant-

life. Still, it is not indispensable work, and they are to be murdered in the performance of it without compunction. If we could get all the flies in the bailiwick to lay their eggs in a single heap, what a splendid fly-trap that would make! But we must be prompt with our sulphate of iron, petroleum, or chloride of lime. In eight hours the eggs can hatch, and in eight days the hundred-fold crop will emerge and, scenting kitchens near and far, disperse to their deadly work.

How far can the typhoid fly go in search of his work of annoying human beings? As a winged nuisance he is indefatigable. Who does not know with what persistence he comes again and again to awaken us, for example, in the drowsiest hour of morning, or how he sails round and round in the aerodrome which he has made of our sitting-room, now swinging in rhythmic circles, now making dashes that must exceed a hundred miles an hour. Investigators of the Smithsonian Institute have declared that he is the best model for an aeroplane. Another experimenter tried in vain to tire a fly by not permitting it to rest. Needless to say, the "queen of the air," as Ruskin almost permits us to call it, kept on the wing for hours. We imagine, indeed, that "it was the man that tired." Just to show what it could do, a fly followed the steamer in which the scientist was travelling from Algiers to Marseilles, keeping pace so accurately "that it almost seemed as if it were joined to the boat by some invisible rigid connection." The exhibition lasted from noon till twilight failed.

It is true that marked flies have not been found more than about a mile from their place of origin. That is, in the main, because there are flies everywhere and a good opportunity for making a livelihood is never far distant. It does, however, seem true that the local efforts of fly-extermigators can create

a comparative vacuum that the surrounding plague does not hasten to fill. The conflicting facts on the point are stated, with much else, in Mr. L. O. Howard's "House Fly" (Murray). The experimenter who feels inclined after the revelations of the book to play with murder, pestilence, and sudden death, can mark his flies by dusting them with rice starch powder, and, when they have cleaned off all they can, spraying them with shellac and alcohol. This fixes a spot on the thorax, that the flies have been unable to remove.

This wonderful aeroplanist is not without passengers, though the few million microbes that it may be carrying would scarcely count as such. An excited correspondent sent us not long since a few specks he had taken from a house-fly's legs, and which under the microscope became scorpions. This is not a new villainy on the part of the fly. The false scorpion is a minute vegetable feeder, and thus scarcely a dangerous enemy of man. Inhabiting some of the places where flies are hatched, it takes, either deliberately or by chance, this excellent means of transportation. Less forgivable is the fly for carrying the young of that irritating creature the harvest mite, which, burying itself in our flesh, raises the rash by some called "heat bumps." Why it should take the trouble to be so nasty is a mystery, for the bump is caused by the self-immolation of the mite which no more comes out either itself or in its posterity. Nor does it take from the fly any more than a free ride on the round of its mysterious business.

Assiduously as it spreads our diseases, this insanitary insect spreads far more effectively the seeds of its own destruction. Everywhere breaks out at this time of the year a mortality so far-reaching and terrible as to give us the expression "to die like flies." Where they stand they die, hooked to

the ceiling or glued to the pane, and round them spreads the white flower of the fungus that killed them. We can easily imagine how these dusty spores can be carried. The whole army is soon infected with hidden hyphæ that bide their time. A slight change towards moisture in the air is their signal to declare themselves. Conidia appear between the joints of the armor like guns from so many portholes, which discharge themselves in white smoke "violently into the air, often for a considerable distance." There is even a bomb that explodes where the shot fell, to carry the infection still further.

Perhaps the case against the fly is over-proved. If, as Messrs. Eston and Mason found, the average fly carries a million and a quarter of bacteria, how can any of us escape dysentery, ophthalmia, anthrax, diphtheria, and plague? Mr. Howard's case was prepared in America, where the fly peril,

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like everything else, may be on a great scale. The summer descendants of a single female are, at Washington, not the mere ninety-three thousand millions that we stated above, but more than five and a half billions. In America ten million dollars a year are said to be spent on the effort to screen flies out from larders and houses. Fly-traps are as a hundred to one of ours. There are traps on the dust-bins and in the porch, cage traps, drowning traps, poisons, and tangle-foot. A little bath of oil at the foot of each pane waits for the fly that dances there on its head in the way all flies have. The wall-paper is chosen of a color, such as blue, that flies are supposed to dislike, and it is sought to find a smell that will keep them away. Take him all in all, the fly has of late years become a person of considerable importance. The world seems at last to be taking him at his own valuation.

AUNTS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,

Whose quaint familiar faces

Redeemed an age of chandeller,

Of lavender and laces,

Their daily rôle to knit and chat

On ottoman or settle,

Their properties a pampered cat,

A caddy and a kettle?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,

Whose charitable labors,

Whose coal and flannel made them dear

To impecunious neighbors,

Who breathed an air of auld lang syne

And struck delicious poses

That went with elderberry wine

And desiccated roses?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,

The bane of little nephews

The Panama Canal Act.

Who teared the ebon crutch, the queer
 Appendage that the deaf use;
 Small visitors who viewed askance
 Their autocratic habits
 And quailed before the lorgnette glance
 Like paralytic rabbits?

Here where the groundsmen mow and delve
 Till every lie is grassy,
 You'll find the aunt of 1912
 Most handy with her brassy;
 Scorning the after-luncheon nap,
 The mittened "*far niente*,"
 She strives to bring her handicap
 To something under twenty.

Here where the glittering snowscapes shelve
 And feathery flakes are swirling,
 You'll meet the aunt of 1912
 Tobogganing and curling;
 Ski-ing and skating with the best
 In manner bright and hearty,
 She adds inimitable zest
 To any Alpine party.

Queen of the tourney, she applauds
 Each feat of thew and tendon,
 Heroic bouts at Queen's or Lord's,
 At Ramelagh or Hendon;
 Where airmen plane, where batsmen plant
 Their feet across the creases,
 Young England greets the modern aunt
 And disregards the nieces.

Punch.

J. M. S.

THE PANAMA CANAL ACT.

We shall not try to say exactly how strongly we feel about the passing of the Panama Canal Act by Congress and its signature by Mr. Taft. We might be betrayed into phrases which would make it appear that we despaired of the honor of the United States Government. And that would be very far indeed from representing our opinion. We do think that Con-

gress and Mr. Taft have taken up an attitude which cannot be justified by law, by common sense, or by political scrupulousness; but we are most ready and anxious to believe that some mysterious bacillus working in the brains of American statesmen has brought them into that not unfamiliar frame of mind in which the intellect assumes to be true what it earnestly wishes to be-

lieve. The real test of the good faith of the United States has yet to come. It will come in the question whether the United States Government will consent to submit the dispute between Great Britain and themselves to arbitration at the Hague. We refuse to believe that the United States will not come out of that test with honor. As our readers know, we are admirers of the American nation. They may sometimes have even thought that we are American-mad in our liking for American ways and our trust in the essential rightness which we believe lies behind and beyond the superficial eccentricities and waywardness of that mighty agglomeration of peoples. Our trust is about to pass through a severe ordeal. But we are still confident that even if the American Government try to hold to the peculiar and unexpected interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which is the foundation of the Panama Canal Act, the strength of popular opinion will force them to let the question go to the Hague.

We hope we may not be accused of hypocritical affectation if we say that to our mind the question at stake is something much more than the mere commercial interests of Great Britain, important though those no doubt are; there is also at stake the honorable tradition of the American nation—the nation of Washington and Lincoln—which most Englishmen regard as in part their own, because it has placed the wonderful impress of Anglo-Saxon character upon the singular mixture of races which make up the United States. One cannot hesitate in guessing what Lincoln would have said now. He thought that when a matter of right was involved no sacrifices of material interests or even of human life, however crushing, were too great to be accepted. "Let Heaven fall," he always seemed to say, "we must do what is right." Few people who have ever

read them can forget the words of his second Inaugural Address. "Yet if God wills that it [the Civil War] continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toll shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" We shall not insist on the analogy, for it would be to compare the lesser with the greater. The sacrifice that the United States is now asked to make is not very great. Let us see what it is.

In the Panama Canal Act it is provided that "no tolls shall be levied upon vessels engaged in the coastwise trade of the United States." But in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty it is provided that "the Canal shall be free and open to the vessels of all nations on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation." Mr. Taft, chiming in with the arguments of Congress, explains that these words mean only that the United States is not to discriminate in favor of any particular foreign nation, but that as owner of the Canal she may discriminate in favor of herself. Mr. Taft makes this claim in clear words in his Memorandum to Congress. He says that the Treaty was not "intended to limit or hamper the United States in the exercise of its sovereign power to deal with its own commerce, using its own canal in whatsoever manner it saw fit." We should think there can hardly be an English-speaking person outside America who does not feel satisfied that the words "all nations" in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty include the United States herself. For what other reason did Great Britain give up her right to be joint-builder and owner of the Canal with the United States? She

did not instruct Lord Pauncefote to draw up the Treaty for the fun of giving something for nothing. It was expressly understood that the considerable changes to which we consented in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty were in return for the complete equality of foreign and American ships in the use of the Canal. At the time this was apparently understood perfectly well by the American Senate. An amendment was proposed in the Senate to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty that discrimination should be allowed in favor of American coastwise vessels, but it was rejected. Take, as an illustration of the natural interpretation of a treaty—as opposed to Mr. Taft's unnatural interpretation—the reading of the Anglo-French Convention. The Convention provides for the freedom of foreign trade in Morocco and Egypt in these words:—"The two Governments, being equally attached to the principle of commercial liberty both in Egypt and in Morocco, declare that they will not in those countries countenance any inequality either in the imposition of custom duties or other taxes or of railway transport charges." What should we say if France discriminated in her own favor in Morocco, or what would France say if we discriminated in our own favor in Egypt? Yet the words of the Anglo-French Convention are less explicit than those of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

It may be said, and actually is said in America, that as American coastwise shipping is a monopoly no injustice is inflicted on any foreign country. A moment's thought will show the hollowness of this contention. The tolls, we know, are to be not less "than the estimated proportionate cost of the actual maintenance and operation of the Canal." But if coastwise shipping is to go free the share of the cost of maintenance which will fall on other countries will be greater than it ought to

be. Moreover, "coastwise" trade in America is a notoriously vague expression. Vessels which go from an American Atlantic port to an American Pacific port *via* Cape Horn, or even *via* the Cape of Good Hope, are often said to be engaged in coastwise trade. A German ship which went from New York through the Suez Canal and across the Indian and Pacific Oceans to San Francisco was fined for violating the American monopoly of coastwise traffic. But even if ocean-going American ships were all rigorously kept out of the coastwise class discrimination would still be there.

We return to the most important question of arbitration. Mr. Taft's curious advice to Congress that a resolution should be adopted declaring that the Panama Canal Act violates no treaty appears superficially to be an attempt to prejudge the proposal of arbitration. We earnestly trust that this aspect of his words may turn out to be only accidental. We do not see how the United States Government can possibly refuse to agree to arbitration. If they should refuse, the cause of arbitration will be set back half-a-century. And we shall have to add the United States to the list of countries in whose purview treaties have not their face value. If ever the nations of the world thought in this way about their relations with the United States it would be the United States herself that would suffer most. The loss of great repute undermines more than moral credit. We cannot contemplate such a thing. No, Great Britain and the United States amicably referred the ugly 'Alabama' business to arbitration, and the similarly ugly Venezuela question. Great Britain came badly out of the 'Alabama' case, but we did not enter into recriminations afterwards, as Mr. Taft has not forgotten. We abided by the decision of the umpire, and we should do so again in the case of the

Panama Canal, whatever the decision might be. All we ask is that the practice of arbitration between our American kinsmen and ourselves shall not cease.

Mr. Taft is himself one of the great champions of arbitration. How could he play his cause false now? When he was recommending arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France—wider arbitration treaties than the world had ever dreamed of—he said:—

If now we can negotiate and put through a positive agreement with some great nation to abide the adjudication of an international arbitral Court in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money, we shall have made a long step forward by demonstrating that it is possible for two nations at least to establish as between them the same system of due process of law that exists be-

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tween individuals under a Government. Can the man who used those words conceivably say that there is some good cause why the interpretation of the Panama Canal Act should not be referred to the Hague? The proposed arbitration treaties with France and Great Britain were thrown out by the Senate. But we have, as it is, solid ground on which to proceed. There is the Arbitration Convention of 1908, which provides that "differences which may arise of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties between the two contracting parties, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established at the Hague." Such a convention seems made for the present case. Till we learn it from his own mouth we, for our part, shall not believe that Mr. Taft will attempt to ignore this existing agreement.

THE CASE FOR THE PANAMA ACT.

The clause of the Panama Canal Bill, virtually exempting all American vessels engaged in foreign trade from the dues to be paid by vessels of other nations passing through the Canal, was a plain violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty providing that "the Canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions of traffic or otherwise." The pretence that "all nations" meant "all other nations" was a manifest infringement of the spirit and the letter of the treaty. The elimination of this clause, however, from the final draft, which received the signature of President Taft, appears to

us to remove the substance of the grievance. It is, of course, true that the retention of the clause exempting from dues American coastwise shipping has the appearance of imposing a discrimination against foreign vessels. But it is an appearance only. For the discrimination is neither made nor enhanced by the terms of this Act. It existed before. The Navigation Laws of the United States have, in accordance with their rigorous protective policy, been framed so as to secure a complete monopoly of coastwise trade for American ships, and their Courts have given so liberal an interpretation to the term "coastwise" as to include vessels plying round Cape Horn on their voyage between New York and San Francisco. This legal monopoly has been, doubtless, detri-

mental to British and other foreign shipping companies, which, under terms of equal competition, would have secured a large share of the coasting trade. It has been still more detrimental to American merchants and consumers, for it has precluded them from the advantages of better facilities of transport and lower rates which equal competition would have afforded. But it cannot, in our judgment, be contended with any show of reason that the opening of the Panama Canal requires the Government of the United States to cancel this monopoly. Such a concession was evidently no part of the intention of either party to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, nor does the constwise clause impose any new or real discrimination. It merely safeguards or secures a discrimination already existing and founded upon general principles of policy which have no particular reference to Panama.

The clearness of the American case upon this head is, indeed, somewhat obscured by the language of the Memorandum with which President Taft accompanied his signature of the Act. He there argues that, since other nations have an undeniable right to extend "favours" to their ships using the Canal, it would be "absurd" to refuse a similar right to the Government of the United States. In conclusion, he protests "against any proposal to read into the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty a surrender by the United States of its right to regulate its own commerce in its own way, by its own method, a right which neither Great Britain herself nor any other nation which may use the Canal has surrendered, or proposes to surrender." The ambiguity of such language is to be regretted. The only "favours" which other nations could extend to their ships would be in the shape of bounties, and nobody would think of denying a similar right to the United States to subsidize her vessels.

The vice of Mr. Taft's contention is that it goes beyond the requirements of his case. It would appear to sustain the wider discrimination against foreign ships, which has disappeared from the final draft of the Act. All that Mr. Taft needed to argue was that it could not be contended that the Panama Act should be made an instrument for the practical abandonment of the navigation policy previously in operation. Perhaps it was unnecessary to have inserted in the Act any clause presenting this appearance of discrimination. For the Act could hardly have been interpreted by any International Court as designed to remove from the United States a right of regulating purely internal traffic, which belongs to every sovereign Power. But fair-minded people must recognize that the clause inflicts no new grievance upon the trade of this or any other country. We hope, therefore, that there is no truth in the rumor that our Government is entering a protest at Washington against this provision of the Panama Act. Such a protest, especially at such a moment, when even the most obliging of Americans is on his guard against any show of knuckling under to foreigners, would be a serious blunder. No American Government could concede a point, involving, incidentally, so grave a disturbance of deep-rooted policy, and we do not for a moment believe that any international tribunal would decide the matter in our favor.

It is, however, possible that the clause precluding from all use of the Canal ships owned by railroads which are themselves competitors for traffic with the Panama route, may be a subject of discussion between our Government and that of the United States. For, though the text of the new Act does not make it clear how the prohibition applies to transport companies outside the jurisdiction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, it has

been generally understood that it is to be extended to the vessels owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It would certainly appear as if the refusal to Canadian companies of the use of the Canal for purposes of foreign, *i.e.*, non-American, commerce was an infringement of the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Nor do we understand by what extension of the federal laws at Washington any action of a Canadian railway can be brought within the purview of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. On such a matter there may be good reason for discussion, and, if necessary, arbitration, between this country and the United States. Nor, perhaps, is the extraordinary extension which the latter country gives to "coasting" to be deemed a question entirely outside the

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range of international consideration. But those journals in Great Britain and on the Continent which are arraigning with so much vehemence the claim of America to remit the fees for her coasting vessels, are beating the air. Their case is founded upon a complete misapprehension of the governing facts of the situation. Though this misapprehension seems to be shared by not a few leaders of public opinion in the United States, this support is evidently a survival of the strong feeling aroused against the quite unjustifiable claims of the earlier draft of the measure. When it comes to be recognized that the Act merely confirms a previously existing discrimination in favor of American coastwise trade, there will, we think, be a general acquiescence in this provision.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title "The Education of Self," the Funk & Wagnalls Co. publishes a new translation of Dr. Paul Dubois's "*L'Education de Soi-Meme*." This translation, which is by Edward G. Richards, is made from the latest French edition, and supersedes an earlier translation, published several years ago under the title "Self-Control and How to Secure It." In either form and under either title, the book is thoroughly wholesome and stimulating, teaching important lessons of conduct sensibly and forcibly, insisting on high ideals without "preachiness," and presenting even familiar truths from a novel point of view and with an engaging lucidity of style.

The Editor Company of Ridgewood, New Jersey, publishes a fresh and extremely interesting study of "The American Short Story" with relation to

the influence of locality in its development. The author, Dr. Elias Lieberman, has spared no pains in the collation and analysis of his material; and after setting forth some general considerations of the forces which determine localities and types of men and women, and of the point of contact between the short story and locality, examines the most noteworthy short stories of to-day and yesterday,—of old New England, and modern New England, of the middle West and the Far West, of the South, of the far North, and of New York city with its shifting and varied population,—analyzing in each case the best-known and most typical short stories of the several localities. This is an essay in a new field, and it will be read with keen interest by lovers of short stories who care at all to go below the surface of things.

"Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan, is not marred by the fault from which many modern novels suffer, namely slightness of theme and scant material. The author conceives his characters and events on a large scale and gives good measure, heaped and running over. We are permitted to follow the eventful career of one Hector Dunoisse from childhood to helplessly old age. Under the corrupt influences of Paris under the presidency of Louis Napoleon, this naturally honorable young military officer abandons his ideals and plunges into every sort of dissipation. His guiding angel, the person who turns him to a life of repentance and self-sacrifice, is Ada Merling, whom we immediately recognize as Florence Nightingale. Vivid scenes from the Crimean War add to the power of the story. It is intense, emotional and idealistic in the extreme. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

William M. Lacy's "An Examination of the Philosophy of the Unknowable as Expanded by Herbert Spencer" attracted wide attention in this country and in England when first published nearly thirty years ago; and was commended by high authorities as a keen, searching and destructive criticism of the Spencerian philosophy. The publication of a new edition of the book by Ernest Lacy—presumably the author's son—from the press of Sherman & Co., Philadelphia, is made the occasion for some disclosures regarding the circumstances of the first publication. It appears that all the arguments which the book contains, with a single exception, were written on slates while the author was a student in a Philadelphia academy; and that when, the year after graduation from the academy, the author developed his arguments into the present work, being unable to obtain a publisher, he became his own publisher and set the type himself. The present edition is

printed from the original plates. It is not surprising to learn that, eight years after the book was printed, the author died from a fever brought on by overwork. These personal details add fresh interest to a work which, in itself, is a remarkably acute bit of philosophical polemics.

That an author should be able to illustrate his own book, or that an artist should have the power to write a text for his pictures, seems an ideal condition. "Bill the Minder," which is surely the most charming juvenile since "Peter Pan," is both written and illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. The book is enriched by 16 colored plates and innumerable drawings in black and white, all of which are characterized by delicious humor, originality and imaginative feeling. They are the kind over which children will pore again and again, and to which grown people will return with a chuckle for their fun and appreciation for their poetic fancy. Bill the Minder is a little boy, but instead of being famous for pranks and mischief he is known as the most successful "minder" of fretful and ill-tempered children in the whole world. One day while Bill was out amusing nine of his young charges, he came across the exiled old king of Troy, who so appealed to the children that they straightway formed an expedition to restore him to his kingdom. The progress of this party and the interesting characters that joined it by the way form as delightful and whimsical a bit of reading as has been printed in many a long day. The author's humor is inexhaustible; sometimes he brings the reader up with a start by some droll turn of phrase or piquant situation, and again his fun is dry and quiet. "Bill the Minder" bids fair to become a classic, and is already one of the rarest literary "finds" of the year. Henry Holt and Company.

